

Will Rogers for President

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August 9 1928



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Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you: There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance, as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe) and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



Don't fool yourself

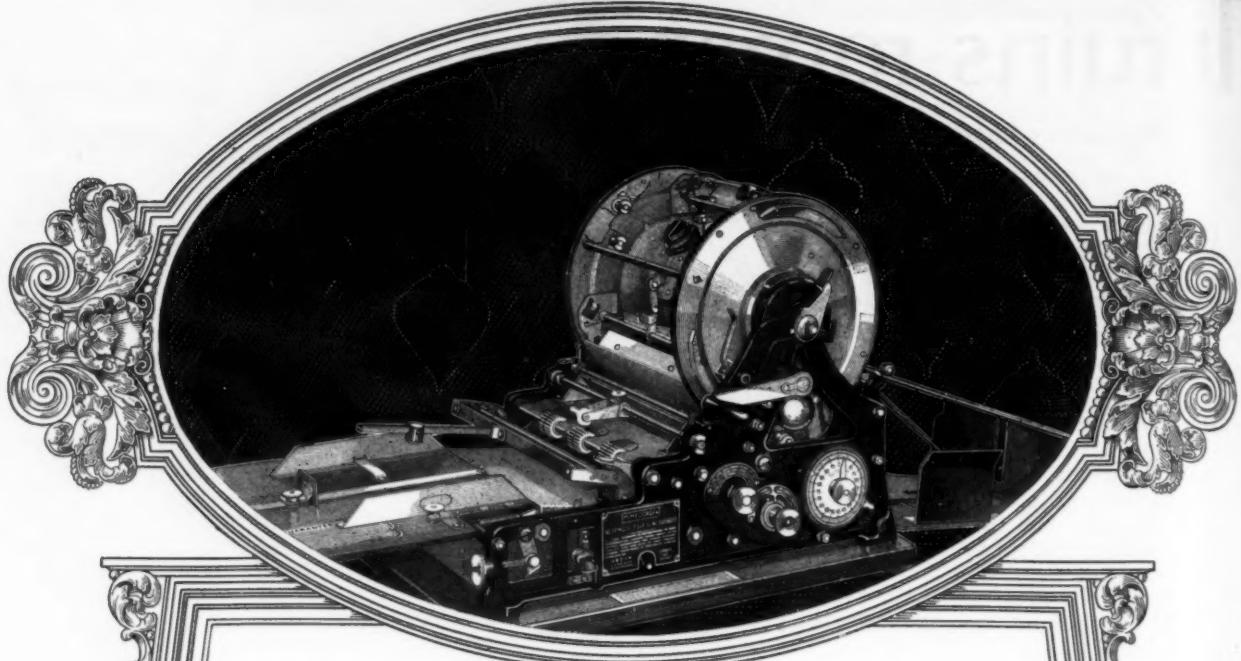
Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

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Have you tried
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Cools your skin while
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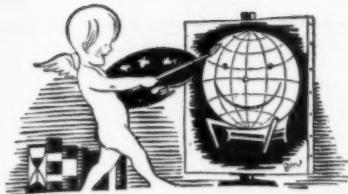


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M I M E O G R A P H





LIFE



OUR CANDIDATE CHALLENGES HOOVER

"To Joint Debate—in Any Joint You Name"

by

WILL ROGERS

MR. HERBERT HOOVER,
Being informed,
somewhere in California.

DEAR MR. EX-SECRETARY:

Herbert I kinder hate to send you this challenge, For you are a good fellow and I think a lot of you, But it just looks like the only way we can get the "Issues" of the day straightened out is on the Platform in a Joint debate.

You know the American custom is when you can't beat a man at anything why the last straw is to Debate him. Judge Lindsey went around the Country meeting all comers, Nicholas Murray Butler will debate you quicker than he will agree with you.

Now I am not one of those promiscuous Debaters like the above mentioned, I won't just debate with anything, or anybody, I am kinder exclusive in my selections.

There is just millions of Guys I wouldnt waste a Debate on, But in the natural course of events it looks like I

am going to have to take you and Al on before the votes are in the can this fall.

So I thought I would start in with you and see how I made out, and if I had any luck against you why then I would take on Al.

You know Al will debate you, Where Al comes from all you need to do to start a Debate is drop a Hat.

There was a fellow named Miller in New York that used to run for Governor, and the only times you ever heard of him was when he was either running against Al, or debating against him.

Al could beat him as easy at one as he could the other.

Now as to the place, as neither one of us seem to have any home, why we are just as liable to meet accidentally some place as we would be on purpose.

We are both cosmopolitans in a way. You have traveled further than I have but you havent been any more places. While you know China, and India, I know Oklahoma, and Texas.

If you think you have been to the far

corners of the earth you ought to try to get back home from Seattle some time.

While you have mined for Gold in South Africa, I have told jokes and passed the Hat in North Carolina.

While you was building a Dam in Hindustan, I was trying to find out where Pat Harrison lived in Mississippi.

You hunted Diamonds in Kimberley, while I found a Democrat in North Dakota.

While you was feeding the starving Belgians, I was throwing Corn bread and bacon to famished little Rogerses in Beverly Hills. An Armenian never saw the day he could run through with more grub than one of my Gang.

So I will meet you anywhere that you will draw up the Blue Prints for—in Joint debate—in any Joint you name.

Now the rules of the Debate are as follows, the first half of the debate is to settle on what the "Issues" are that we are to debate on, and the last half of the Debate is just to Debate on 'em.

In case there is No Issues, like it would



be if you was debating with some Democrat, why then of course there would be no use holding the last half.

But if we can find some Issues why then we will be all set.

Now you are a man and so is Al that has got by without a lot of Bunk, And the debate might be that you both ought by rights to be in my Party, "The Anti-Bunks." But what the debate could be, that you both have let yourself be hitched to a Platform that is nothing but Bunk.

As a man is known by the company he keeps, I will show you that now that you have entered Politics that you will be mixed up with more Bunk than you ever thought existed.

You may say the Issue is "Prosperity," You will try and show that we are prosperous, because we HAVE MORE.

I will show where we are NOT prosperous because we havent PAID for it YET.

You say that "Prohibition is a Noble Experiment." I would say that it was an "Amusing" or "Exciting" experiment,

But it has hardly reached the "Noble" stage up to now. Then there is Farm Relief, Tariff, and all of the Usual Bunks, and I will debate you on those too.

The debate is not to be Gratis, We will charge admission and the money goes to a good Charity, which is preferable to slipping it to some District in Philadelphia, or Chicago, who havent got enough to compete with the other Districts on November the Sixth.

They tell me that Lincoln and Douglas had a debate one time, and they say Douglas won it, So even if I lose and just become as well known as Lincoln why it wont be so bad.

Douglas made the mistake of going to the Senate after winning, so that's why he was never recognized later. I have worn his shoes, But never read his debate. If he beat Lincoln then he must have been pretty good, or else maybe the Referee of the Debate was fixed.

Now Herbert you got to debate with somebody before this Dog fight ends in November and it might as well be me, You better let me meet you and then I

will meet Smith, and that will show you how good he is and give you some line on whether to tackle him or not.

Henry Ford is to be the Judge that I pick, He can tell when either one of us is missing.

Yours,

WILL ROGERS.

Candidate of the Anti-Bunk Party, without Platform, Convention, Campaign Fund, or Slogan.

They're All Imitating Will Rogers

Both Hoover and Smith Are Joining the Anti-Bunks

Nor long ago, a delegation of newspaper photographers asked Al Smith to pose as a bricklayer, with trowel, mortar-board, and genial smile. "This," they assured Mr. Smith, "will win you the support of the laboring classes," just as though Mr. Smith didn't have that already.

Mr. Smith, however, refused to pose for such a picture, characterizing it briefly, but truthfully, as "boloney."

Then, a few days later, an innocent baby was thrust at Herbert Hoover with the demand that he kiss it. "This," they assured Mr. Hoover, "will win you the support of the women voters," just as though Mr. Hoover didn't have that already.

Mr. Hoover also refused, saying, "I am not going to stage emotional antics for publication purposes."

It is understood that Mr. Hoover's refusal was heartily indorsed by the baby.

FROM all this, it will be evident to the most thoroughly naked eye that the great Anti-Bunk Campaign is sweeping the country.

When even the regular Republican and Democratic Candidates attempt to establish their bunklessness, they betray their fear of Will Rogers and the enormous influence that he wields.

Did you notice how the Republicans tried to lure Henry Ford away from our party? They thought that if they could get him on their side, they could convert the presidential campaign into an old-fashioned trade war between the Ford Motor Co. and General Motors.

Mr. Ford refused to be lured, even by the story of Hoover and the baby; he had allied himself with the Anti-Bunk Party, and there he will remain.

If you want to join Henry Ford, and all other great independents, send in your name to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.



"Say—looka here—there's another baby that talks two weeks after bein' born."
"Aw—doncha believe it—her old man's a ventriloquist."

Tunney and Wilder in Europe

THORNTON: Your leg work was certainly swell in that fight, Gene, old socks. And the way you landed rights on that bum handed me a loud guffaw! Gosh, you were there in the punches, if you'll pardon the pun.

GENE: My God, Thornton! If you only could realize what it would mean to me to have your marvelous gift of expression—your tremendous, divine power of speaking and writing in living words—words that cause your reader or auditor, as the case may be, to see and feel! I know of no one save Racine who—

THORNTON: You know, it must be a hell of a lot of satisfaction to bust a guy on the button and put him to sleep for the count! Don't you feel great, being champion of the world? Lord, man, if I had your strength there's a bunch of babies I know who'd be nursing broken jaws and serving their beefsteak to their optics! Hot tripe! I'd give a lot for your physique, Gene, you old armored tank!

GENE: Wasn't it Shelley, Thornton, who was always described as a soaring spirit that trod upon the stars? I think, in your detachment, your spiritual emancipation, you are not unlike him, the star-treading Shelley. Is it not a beautiful conception, Thornton?

THORNTON: Yeah, but you've got the best racket, Gene! You go into the old ring for ten minutes, push some guy's face in and come out with a half a million bucks. Hell's bells, man, do you realize



HE: Quitting now? Why, we've only played three holes!
SHE: Certainly—par is forty-one, isn't it? And I've already made that!

what a cinch that is compared to gettin' the saphead public to shell out their mazuma for a book?

GENE: Ah, if I could only write as you can, Thornton!

THORNTON: Ah, If I could only fight as you can, Gene!

Lloyd Mayer.

**Little Rambles
With Serious Thinkers**

YOUTH, in all times and in all countries, has always been the mating season.
—Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie.

The natural yet intolerable heterogeneity of folks in every case is organized by heads in whom is consciousness, value, the will of the folk to integration.

—Waldo Frank.

What great fun it must be to be a boot-legger.—King Alfonso of Spain.

And the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts.

—William Lyon Phelps.

Frankly, I believe in the power of education.—E. Haldeman-Julius.

Better bridge means better husbands.

—Milton C. Work.

If drinking and smoking and petting do not make a girl a wild girl, what does?

—Dorothy Dix.

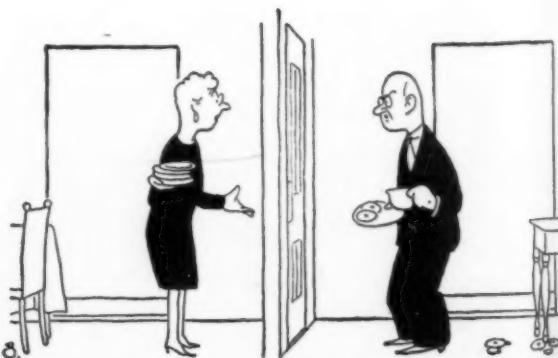
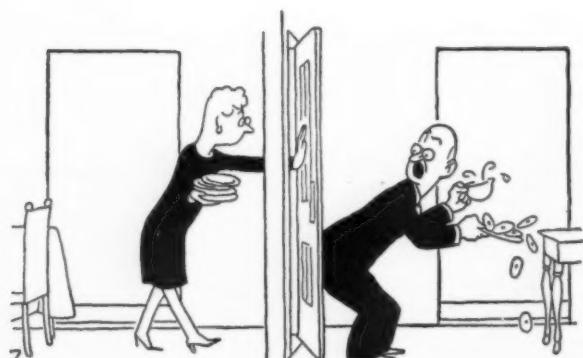
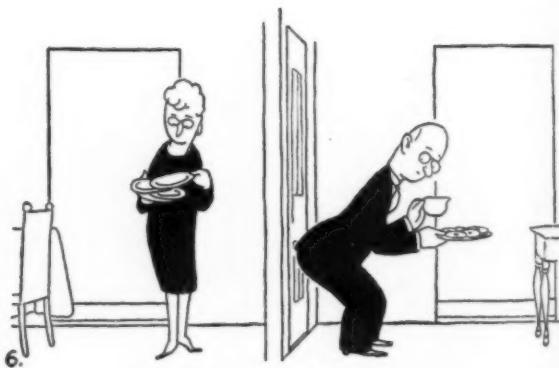
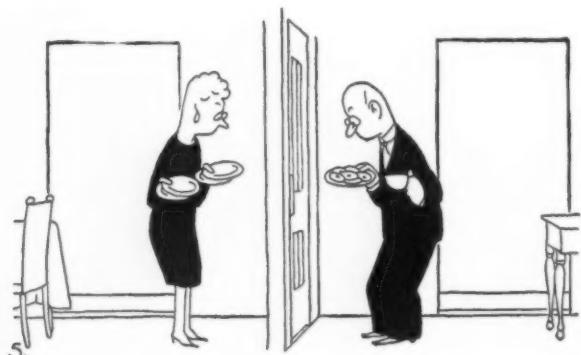
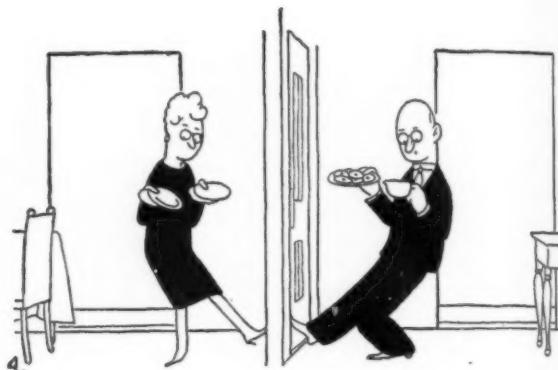
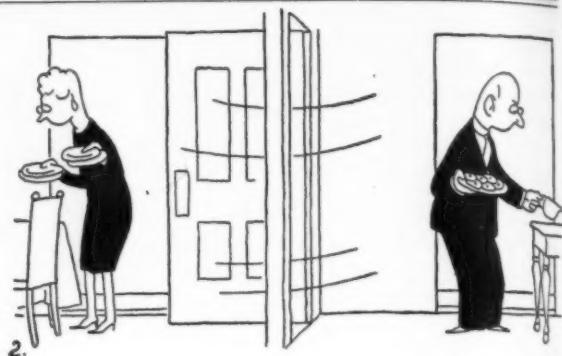
If you want to write real books you have to live real life first.—Kathleen Norris.

"WHAT is it that keeps him broke all the time?"

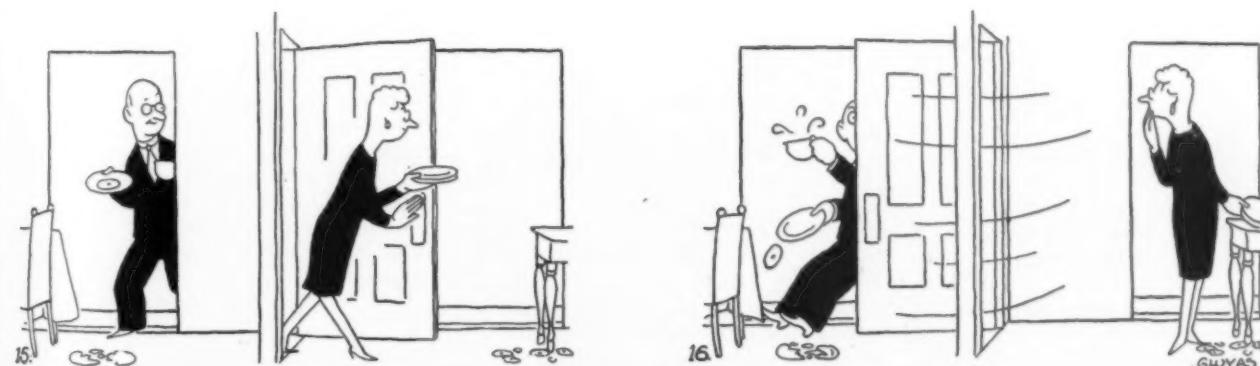
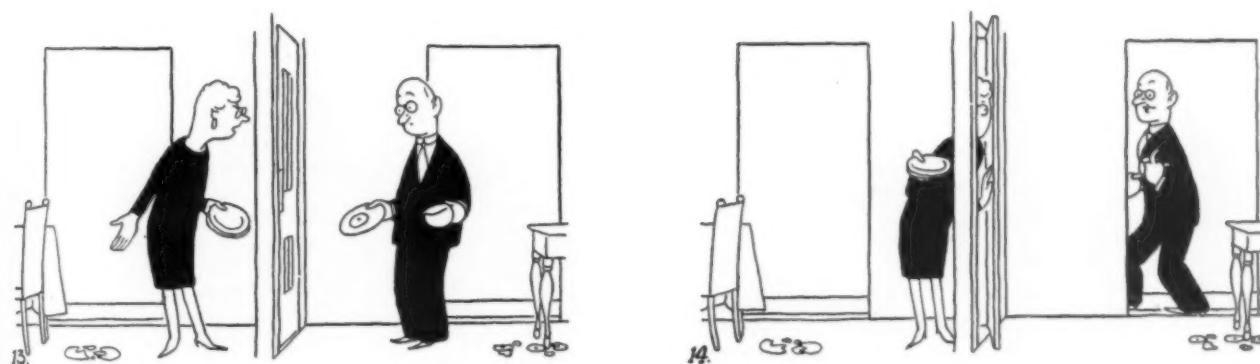
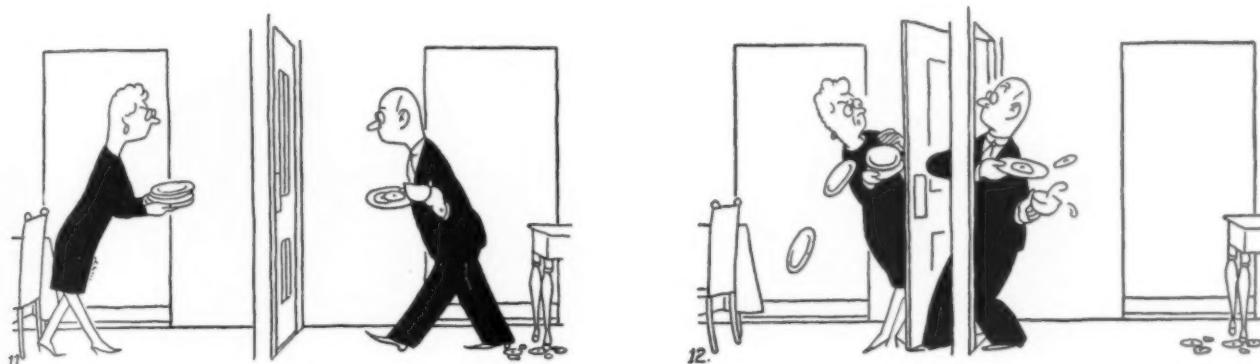
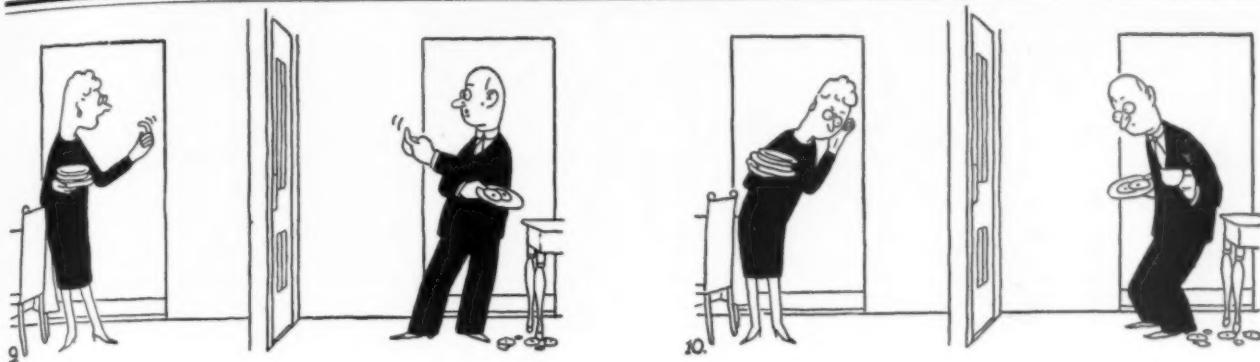
"Speakeasy payments."



THE CITY CHILD: Mister, kin I sit on the grass?



The Swing Door



The Swing Door



THE THEATRE

Memo to Mr. Davis

IT BEGINS to look as if this department were to be confronted with another crisis almost of the proportions of the one precipitated by "Abie's Irish Rose." If Mr. Davis keeps "The Ladder" running much longer, something will have to be done. We may have to drive it out of town as we did "Abie."

The trouble is that "The Ladder" really isn't such a terrible play. It isn't a play that we would want to see twice, but there have been much worse ones that have made more money. Our chief objection to it is that it was all done about twenty years ago in "The Road to Yesterday"—which, by the way, was a hit. In its new version (as of July, 1928) it has dropped some of its propaganda for reincarnation and the precipitate is just an ordinary, romantic melodrama with a rather interesting, if old, thesis. Its performance, with Miss Carroll McComas in the leading rôle, is better than that of most shows of its class, and, on the whole, it is a difficult thing to kid. This deprives us of the one weapon with which we struck terror to the heart of Miss Anne Nichols.



THERE is nothing more difficult to attack than one of these fair-enough plays. So we might as well give up all idea of driving "The Ladder" out of town by the same methods we used so successfully on "Abie's Irish Rose." Our only alternative is to kill it with kindness or perhaps to suggest something else that Mr. Davis could do with his money.

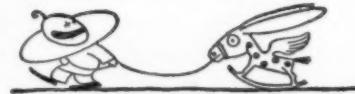
Mr. Davis is evidently prepared to lose about two million dollars on "The Ladder." He has made a swell start toward this goal with about a million and a quarter already rubbed into his hair. Experts told him that there was no oil in his Texas land and they were, to put it kindly, wrong. Experts told him that there was no money in "The Ladder" and he is willing to lose two million dollars to prove that there is. His craving for pun-

ishment is almost pathological, but there is something Wagnerian about it all. When Mr. Davis backs a thing, he backs it.

As the months roll by, and with them the Davis doubloons, various drama enthusiasts raise up lamentations as they think of what might have been done for the Theater with such an endowment. There could have been a foundation for a permanent Ibsen *Schauspielhaus* or a Shakespearean Repertory (hold out against this, Mr. Davis, please!). A laboratory theater could be established where the work of new dramatists could be tried out and discarded. Schools for acting could be endowed; experiments in scenic design could be fostered; in fact, everything could be done that is now being done, only Mr. Davis could be paying for it.



ALL this would be very helpful, no doubt, but unless it were in the hands of some sensible overseer, the money would be wasted just as much as it is being wasted now in "The Ladder." The first name that comes to mind for such a sane trustee is that of the editor of this department. If this logical choice is made, we will draw our first year's salary in advance (we would be giving up a great deal of valuable time to devote to the work and should have our mind free from financial worries) and begin.



FIRST we would build a theater. In response to popular demand, this would be known as the Benchley Foundation Theater in honor of Mr. Davis. This theater would be located at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street by the East River, near the New York Yacht Club landing. This would eliminate all traffic congestion at theater time and would also give the plays a chance to be heard without competing with passing trucks and klaxons, especially on matinee days. On several occa-

sions trucks have come right into the theaters on Forty-fifth Street during a matinee performance, frightening the audience badly.

Each seat would be on the aisle and there would be enough space between the seats to allow late-comers to find their places without scraping the clothes off those already there. The entire front of the theater could be opened up during intermission, doing away with the present stock-yard runway conditions in the narrow openings leading to lobbies. If, under these ideal conditions, patrons were late in returning to their seats, they would be given guest-cards to the sand pile in the patio where they could play until the act was over.



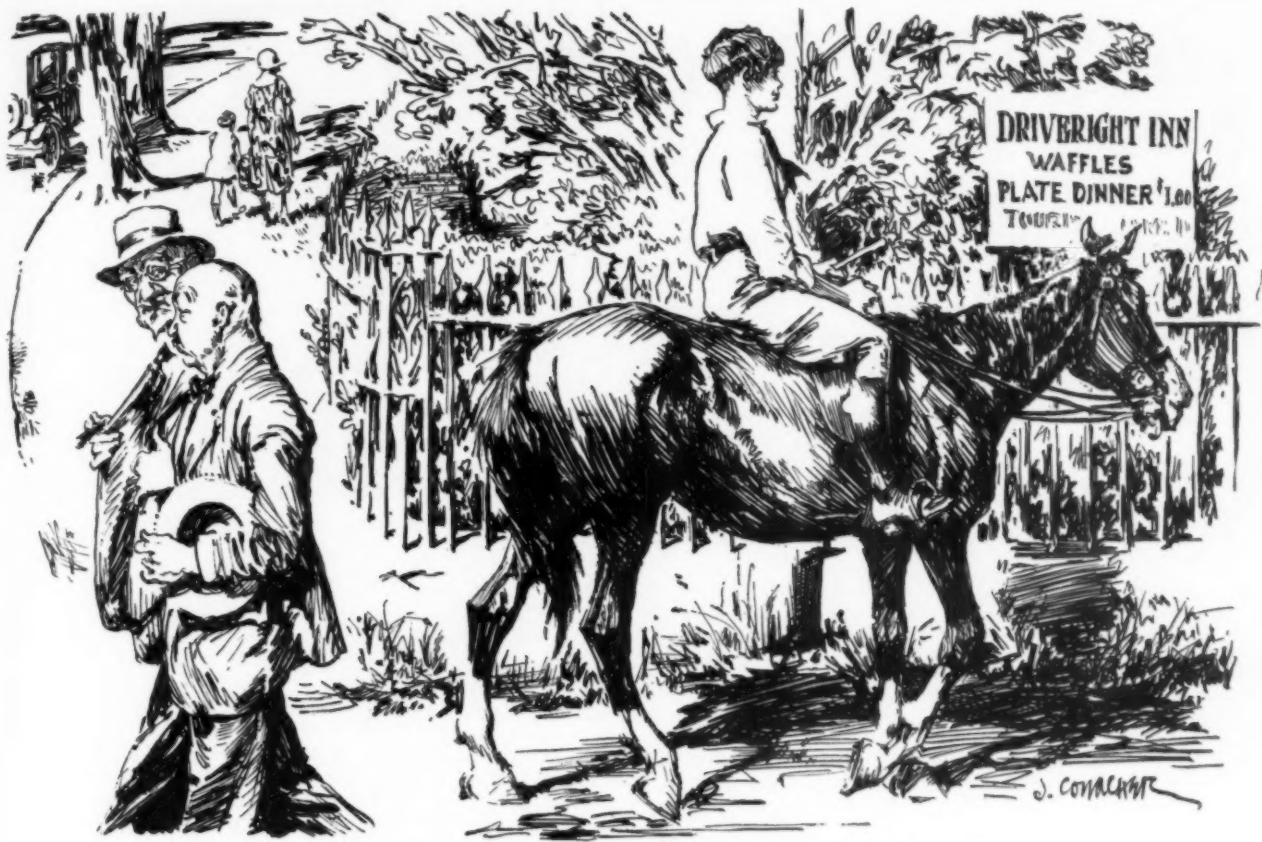
No PLAY would be brought into New York until it had been tried out for six months in its final form. This would do away with the present system of writing plays the day after their opening on Broadway. A typical New York audience would be hired to accompany plays on their try-outs, thereby nullifying the influence of Asbury Park and Atlantic City on our national drama. A complete dress-rehearsal, with scenery and costumes, would be held two weeks before the try-out opening, thus saving in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars per production for Mr. Davis. The management would not be allowed to attend rehearsals—and that means us, too.

The chances are, however, that most of these rules would be unnecessary, as there would not be many new plays in our Foundation Theater. Certainly not unless they were so good as to make production imperative. Most of the time would be given over to a repertory consisting of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Liliom" and a Cohan Revue for the current year. Occasionally, when we felt Drama coming on, we would do "The Wild Duck." But these four would constitute practically the entire season of the Benchley Foundation Theater and Mr. Davis could then feel that he was doing something worth while with his money. He could even keep "The Ladder" running, too, for all we'd care.

But, first of all, we must not forget that little advance of, let us say, perhaps a hundred dollars?

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.



"Did you get that, Sam? Old Bill Barmley's daughter ridin' a horse! Gosh! A plain damn automobile was plenty good enough for poor ol' Bill."

"I Only Play At It!"

"PLAYING a lot of golf these days, aren't you, Bill?"

"Well, I'm playing *at it!*"

"What do you go round in usually?"

"Oh, well, if I break a hundred I think I'm darn lucky."

"Well, that's not so bad. I surprised myself the other day, though. I got an eighty-five. Believe me, I was never so surprised in my life."

"That's not so bad. Funny thing, I got an eighty-two one day last week. That was pretty near the best score I guess I ever made. I was just hitting everything right that day. I was never so surprised in my life!"

"That's darn good golf, Bill, I've only broken eighty about once in my life, I guess. About a month ago down at the Winnawoohoo course I got a seventy-nine. Of course it was just luck."

"I don't believe it was at all, Ed. You play pretty good golf."

"Oh, hell, no. I'm like you, Bill, I just play *at it*, but that seventy-nine certainly gave me a surprise because the Winnawoo-

hoo's a pretty hard course to play over."

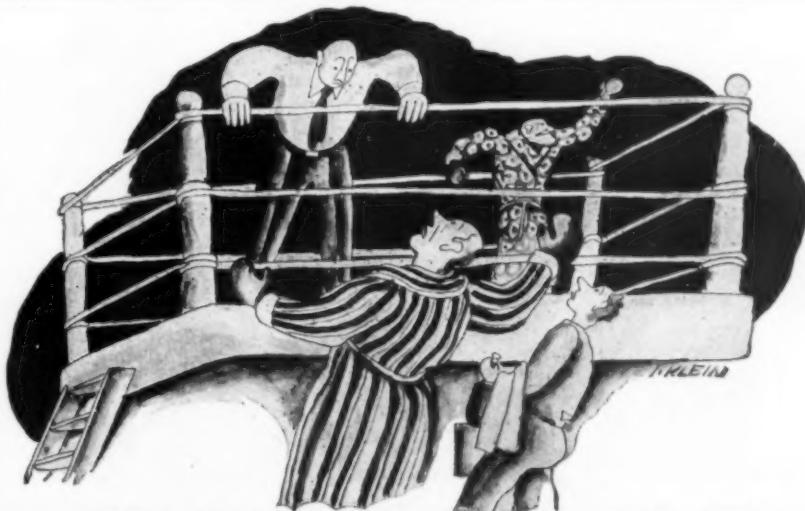
"I'll say it is! Funny part of it is, the only time in my life I ever played real golf was on that course. I shot a seventy-five that day."

Lloyd Mayer.

NEEDED

"I WISH somebody would get out a directory of all the candidates for election, and say whether they are dry or wet."

"Yes—a sort of 'Who's Whoopee.'"



THE NOVICE: Say, mister, where th' heck is the gate to this here fence?



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

July 17 The telephone a-ring early, and it was Letty Philbrook saying she could not dine with us this evening, a statement which should never be made at such short notice unless accompanied by a doctor's certificate, and when I did tell Betty as much, she pleaded that it was her rich Aunt Alice come suddenly to town, the only relative who does now stand between her and an Old Ladies' Home, so I was obliged to be reasonable. But Lord! I do verily believe I had liefer be an inmate of an institution for aged females, with cronies always at hand for gossip and bridge, than have but sufficient income to keep me in Florence or Sorrento, listening ineffectually to distant music and laughter. All the morning gone, therefore, in trying to get a fourth for the evening, but with no success, and later, when I did go out to the shops, I was at some pains not to ask the salesman who fitted me to slippers whether or not he played a decent game of contract. But when I reached home, Sam

said he had corralled Pete Gilbert, who arrived betimes enough to join in the mockery of my day's purchases, which included novelties in bathroom accessories, some footgear of lizard skin and a washable linen hat, but he made up for it afterwards by praising the dinner superlatively and remarking that ours is the only private house in which he dines wherein sufficient hollandaise sauce is served to warrant a guest's helping himself to more than a meager spoonful. My fortune at cards extremely good, and so very content to bed, reading in Mistress Taylor's "The Youngest One," a well-wrote tale of life in an American rectory wherefrom I did take an indirect lesson in the heroine's great-aunt, who was "the sort of Frenchwoman who would know how many carrots had gone into the soup even if her fortune eclipsed that of a Rothschild," for here am I, seldom solvent at the bank, never bothering when I order to ask the price of anything save green peppers, and that only to learn whether they are five cents straight or three for ten.

July 18 Astir betimes, threatening Sam with divorce if he do not arrange with the agents to have the flat redecorated in August whilst we are in Cooperstown, and then to the shops again to get material for two lace dresses, one black and one beige, not

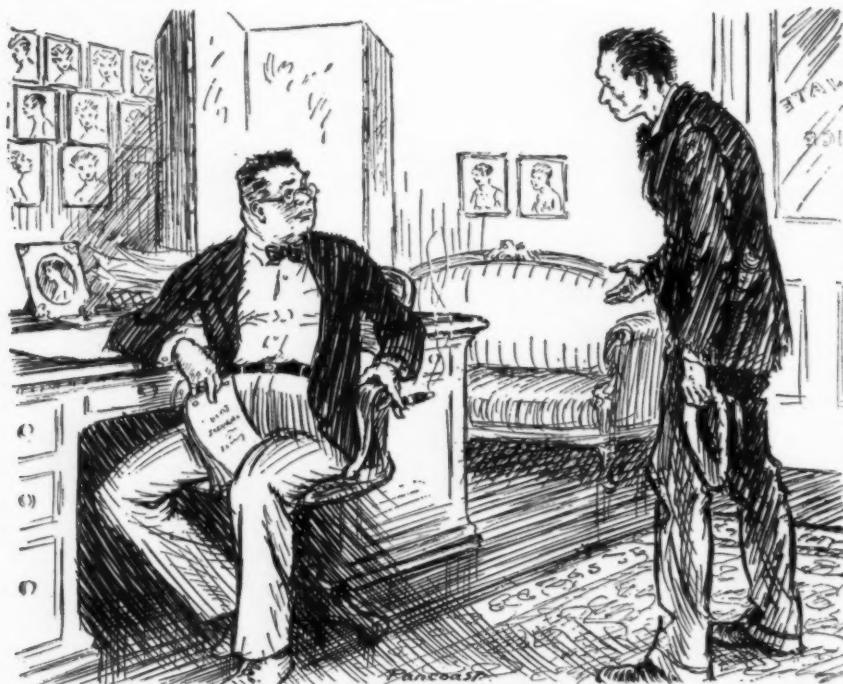


"I wonder if she has retained her own personality since she married Alan?"

"Absolutely, and Alan's too."

overlooking a washable print which did take my eye. Through the housewares department to find a dustpan and some kitchen bowls, and home exhausted, bawling loudly for a claret lemonade, whereto Katie quoth, "Even if the carafe is empty and I must decant another bottle?" causing me to think seriously of slapping her. So stretched out upon the chaise-longue with my beverage on a tray, reading in "Seven Days Whipping," a curious and absorbing tale based on the emotion of fear, and it was a stroke of genius, methinks, for the author to have made the intruder an Indian, for Lord! I could never behold without a shudder even the wooden specimens of that race which formerly stood in front of cigar stores. Sam betimes, and so by motor to the countryside with a great box of supper, which we did eat in as rustic surroundings as we could find. And on the way back to town we were besought for transportation by more persons than we could count, but Sam said he would not take in even a female octogenarian on crutches, for an he did, the chances were that the minute she got in the car she would pull off her wig and bash him on the crown with one of her props, demanding his loose change and personal jewelry the while.

Baird Leonard.



MOVING PICTURE MAGNATE (to young writer): You say you're starving? Well, that's too bad. Have you got any funny ideas?

JAZZVICTUS

It matters not how great the heat,
How charged with Bacardi the bowl,
I am the master of my feet,
I am the captain of my sole.

Success

(Theme with Variations)

THE GOLDEN secret is concentration!
The man who works is the man who cashes!
Everything yields to determination!
(Hasn't that blonde the lovely lashes?)
He who sticks to his job all day,
Cutting hay while there's hay for cutting,
Wins the world while the idlers play.
(Maybe the pro could improve my putting.)

He who labors from morn till night,
Though his lot with defeats be chequered,
Wins the prize that is his by right.
(Think the Babe will surpass his record?)
Over and over this lesson con:
Every man who has proved a winner
Had the virtue of keeping on!
(Let's drive down to the shore for dinner.)

J. B. Barry.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



SALVAGE!

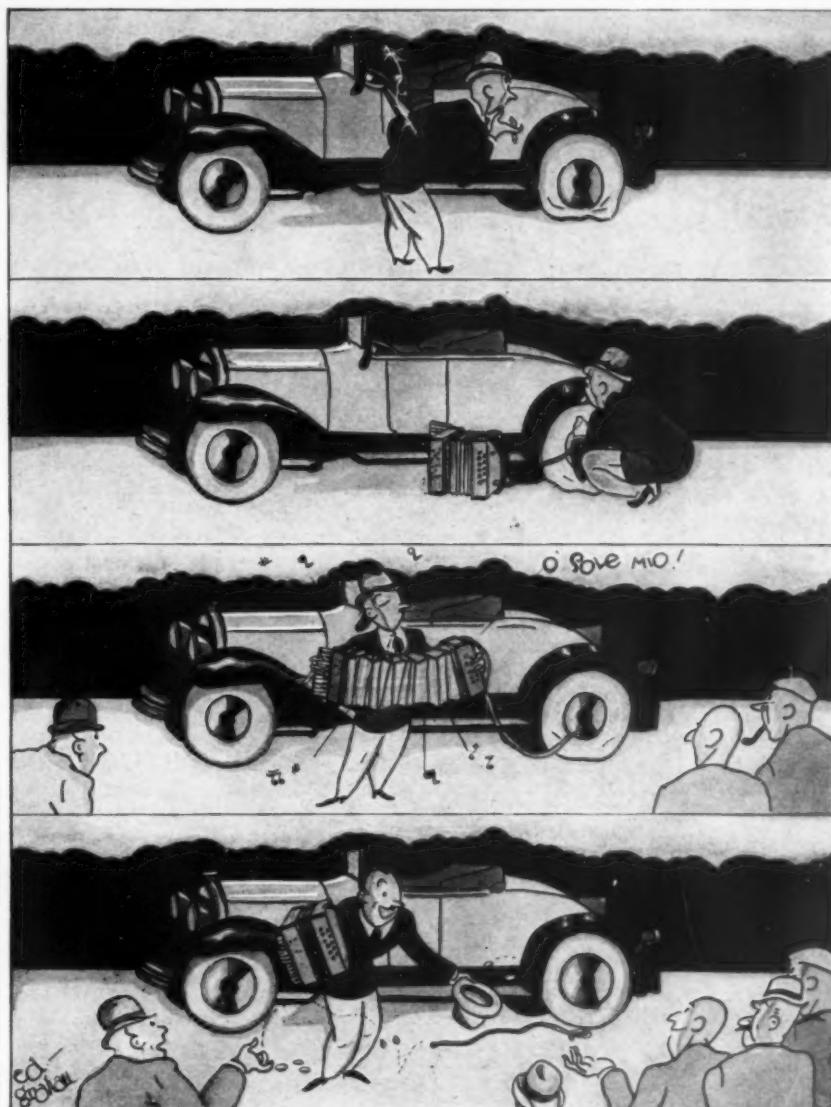
WELL, how'd you pull through?
We mean, how did you manage to live through that last giant hot wave that struck us?

Of course, most of us are pretty lucky when you think of it, and we had a fighting chance against the weather, and so we won.

But think—just for a moment—of those who didn't have a fighting chance. Think of the little children of the crowded tenement districts of New York who went down like tiny white ninepins before the sun. They hadn't a chance.

Hherded in dark, unsanitary, airless tenements where an appalling din, day and night, wears away their delicate nerves and destroys their sleep. Their food, in the main, guaranteed to sicken a stevedore. Their clothing—odds and ends of any old thing, heavy, dirty, ill-fitting.

The midsummer plight of these slum children is so pitiful, so desperate, that many of the New York Fire Companies



THE ACCORDION PLAYER AND THE FLAT TIRE

are equipped with special shower appliances—huge sprinklers—which the firemen set out in the streets and attach to the fire hose.

The youngsters of the swarming neighborhoods know to a dot when their private baths will be turned on. Regiments of poor little folk arrive, panting to be cooled off for a few minutes; their whole happiness placed in the hands of the great-hearted firemen who are their gods and their life savers.

It would tear at your heart to see them flock down the blistering streets, arrayed in their own bizarre ideas of what constitutes a bathing suit, for the City Fathers demand some sort of clothing—and thus does our self- (Please turn to page 33)

SHIPPING RELIEF

SHIPOWNER: We must have government aid! Congress doesn't realize how expensive it is to operate a ship. Why, barnacles alone cost American ships \$100,000,000 a year!

CONGRESSMAN: You ought to cut that item down. Use a cheaper grade of barnacles, or get along with fewer of them.

ITS WEAK SIDE

RUBE: What do you think about this here Evolution?

YOKEL: It's a good idea—but can they enforce it?

HINT to humorists: Brevity is the sale of wit.



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

"There Were Giants in Those Days"



It's high time that certain elderly fight fans quit telling us fairy stories about the terrifying giants and ogres who roamed the canvas in the "fe fi fo fum" era of forty or fifty years ago, grinding the bones of their opponents to make their daily bread. They were wonderfully ferocious fellows, to be sure, and if they were half as mutually destructive as we have been led to believe, it's a positive marvel that they didn't kill each other off like so many Kilkenny cats.

It recalls Prince Hal's description of Percy, "the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen

of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' " (There we go, quoting Shakespeare again—which is another demonstration of the Tunney influence on current pugilistic literature.)

Thus runs the tale of the oldtimers about John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Joe Walcott, Sam Langford, *et al.* We are told that one of those ancient heroes—any one of them, probably—could have knocked out Gene Tunney with one hand and with the other have hit Tom Heeney hard enough to cripple his three brothers in this country and his forty-seven cousins in New Zealand.

It is all the more marvelous because most of those famous and ferocious fighters of the ancient era trained on wines, liquors and cigars, delicacies that are not allowed at the training tables of our pampered weaklings of the present day. Possibly this may be a partial explanation of the dreadful state of pugilism at present

which is so mourned by oldtime fight fans. Hand out the cigars and pass around the liquor. Give our modern lads a chance to equal the great feats of their rugged forbears. Open a case of champagne and let the boys get down to serious training.

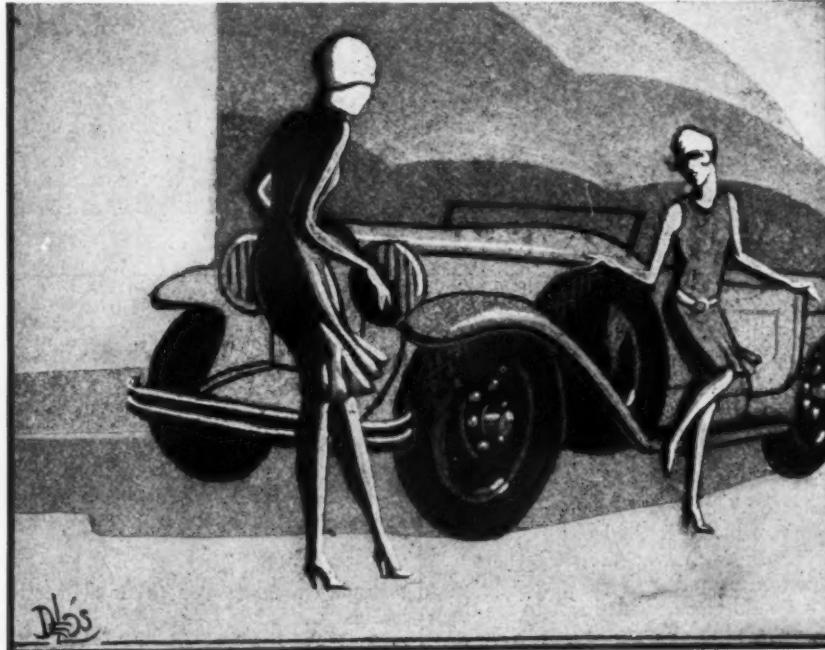
There are probably a hundred fighters now for every fighter in those "good old days." The financial rewards for success are astounding. With so much to strive for and with so many more striving for it, one would think that the fighters would improve just as the players at all other sports have improved; but hark to the oldtime fight fan: "T aint so!"

Well, that settles it. In the modern era we have had Bobby Jones in golf, Bill Tilden in tennis, Babe Ruth in baseball, Devereux Milburn and Tommy Hitchcock in polo, and Nurmi, Wykoff, Paddock, Hahn, Seraphin Martin and Sabin Carr in track and field, but we have no John L. Sullivan or Peter Jackson or Joe Walcott or John C. Heenan in the ring.

They were the great fighters and our modern leather-pushers are poor, sickly specimens by comparison. How do you prove it? Why, you just keep saying it so often and so loud that nobody dares dispute you. If a couple of the ancient heroes went a hundred rounds to a drawn battle, it was because they had such tremendous courage and endurance that neither could knock the other out. If two modern fighters go ten rounds, it's because neither one can punch hard enough to knock a boy off a bicycle. If Sullivan laid his man flat, it was because he had a devastating punch. If a modern fighter scores a knockout, it is solely due to the fact that his opponent has a glass jaw or congenital sleeping sickness.

It's a great line of argument and by the same method of reasoning it would be easy to prove that the discovery of electricity was a horrible mistake and the invention of the steam engine a fatal event in the history of the human race.

John Kieran.



READY TO SHOOT

MADGE: How are you getting along with your automobile lessons?
MIDGE: Wonderfully! Today I learned how to aim the thing.

SUCCESSFUL FAILURES

Boss: So you want me to hire you as general efficiency man and business adviser. I suppose you have references from your former employers?

APPLICANT: I am sorry, sir, but the last three places I worked are no longer in business.

THE RADIO



Announcers

SOMEWHERE hidden in a catacomb there must be a school for radio announcers where ex-subtitle writers for the movies are trained to introduce programs. You cannot tell me that the fact that the thousands of announcers all over the country all say the same thing in the same way is just a coincidence. No, there is a Master Mind in back of it all; one distorted brain invents all the blurbs.

The main trouble with announcers, all slaves of the Master Mind, is that they cannot let you enjoy the music in your own way. No, they have the Alice Foote MacDougall complex. You must get into the mood, the spirit of the thing. Sometimes they shame you so that you feel you must run and put on an appropriate costume to listen to their programs.

Can a radio announcer say simply that Miss Isabel Flippen will sing "Kiss Me Again" and if you don't like it you can move up a couple of points and get the

Stock Market Reports? He cannot. He must take a long breath and plunge into something like this: "What is more beautiful than a midsummer night and a beautiful girl, particularly if that girl has flashing teeth made white by the daily use of Gimpo Toothpaste. Girls who use Gimpo Toothpaste never have to say 'Kiss Me Again,' which will be the next selection of Miss Isabel Flippen accompanied by the Gimpo Orchestra, under the direction of Claude Fish and broadcast every Tuesday evening at half-past nine by the courtesy of the Arthur Gimp Corporation, makers of Gimpo Toothpaste, Extra-Glint Silver Polish and Blather Laundry Soap, the soap that makes washday a holiday."

By that time you have turned to a pretty prize-fight and some dear old low-life is yelling, "Ooh, he's got Izzy groggy. Ooh, Izzy's in bad shape. Ooh, Izzy's going down any moment. Ooh, folks, this is some battle. Ooh, folks, I think Izzy's nose is broke." And it is a great comfort to know that somebody's nose is broke.

But fights (more's the pity) don't last forever, and before you know it you're back in the studio, listening to an announcer announce: "Louis the Fourteenth is known in history as 'Le Roi Soleil.' 'Le Roi Soleil' is French for the Sun King. But who wants to think of the sun these hot evenings? Wouldn't it be much better



FIRST STEEL WORKER: I saw a very unusual issue of a comic magazine the other day, Joe.

SECOND STEEL WORKER: What was so unusual about it, Jim?

FIRST STEEL WORKER: It didn't contain a single picture of a couple of steel workers wisecracking on a skyscraper.

to 'Get Out and Get Under the Moon'? We think so anyway, so 'Get Out and Get Under the Moon' will be our next selection, by special request of Mrs. Isaac Freedburg, of 117 East 167th Street, who is celebrating her golden wedding tonight."

You think I am making these announcements up out of my head? If I could invent blurbs like these I would be getting \$50,000 a year as Master Mind of the radio announcers. Just to prove I am not kidding, here is a verbatim announcement taken down by a sharp-eared listener: "The spirit that sent our ancestors across the ocean to fight for their existence in a new land, the spirit that sent the pioneers across the desert in covered wagons, the spirit that sent our boys over to France to win the war, will be heard in our next selection. Nat Lipstein's Syncopation Boys will play 'Fidgety Feet.'" Agnes Smith.

THE ULTIMATE TEST

"Was Peabody's last novel a success?"

"It must have been—I see he went on a camping trip with Gene Tunney the other day."

Give a politician enough rope and he'll try to imitate Will Rogers.



HOME FROM THE VACATION
"Horrors! We forgot to notify the bootlegger."



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"
VOLUME 92 **August 9, 1928** **NUMBER 2388**

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President
 CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, Editor
 LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer



MR. KELLOGG's treaties by which fourteen nations great and small renounce war as an instrument of national policy, except in cases when the sword is forced into their hands, will doubtless figure in this year's campaign arguments as one of the major achievements of the Coolidge era. True, there are Republican die-hards who cry out against them, and the odds are always against any treaty of importance getting through the Senate; but Mr. Borah has given his assent to them, so that difficulty may not be serious.

How much the treaties are actually worth is a question which our grandchildren, perhaps, may be able to answer. They were laughed at in the beginning as a mere gesture, the expression of a high moral attitude; but even the gesture is worth something. The reservations and interpretations that have limited the scope of the treaties have deepened their intensity; but some of us are still skeptical enough to doubt whether gestures and attitudes and forms of words are going to dissuade any government from doing what it thinks likely to serve its interest.

An enthusiastic Republican Congressman, addressing a Methodist audience a couple of weeks ago, called this move of Mr. Kellogg's "the greatest bloodless revolution in the history of the world," and declared that the peace societies could get ready to disband, thanks to the great results accomplished by American leadership. On the same day, a Paris editor defined the treaties as meaning that "the United States Government becomes the moral guardian of the status quo," and predicted that this government might find it necessary "to become in certain cases

the adviser of European cabinets" in the interest of the prevention of war. That would be a great bloodless revolution indeed, but one doubts that Republican campaign orators will say much about that side of it. Truly, as the French editor observes, the treaties are of the greatest importance "if seriously understood and executed." Perhaps it is pessimistic to suppose that these treaties, like all others, will be understood as subject to the provision, *rebus sic stantibus*; which means, "We shall say now whatever is convenient; and when the time comes we shall do whatever is convenient."



WHEN the campaign orators get going this fall we shall hear a great deal of downright nonsense on both sides, stuff that even the men who utter it, politicians though they be, know better than to take seriously. Earnest citizens who are grieved by this levity may cheer up a little if they look at Mexico and Yugoslavia, where politics is still taken so seriously that men are willing to murder their opponents. It would be gratifying to hold that the consequences of the Obregon and Raditch assassinations are a proof that political murder is never an effective instrument of policy; but that would not be precisely true. It is ineffective only when the murdered man leaves behind him a powerful party, either dominant or too strong to be stamped out, which will naturally be extremely indignant at his death. General Obregon was a great man, more responsible than anyone else for the beginnings of Mexican recovery; a figure

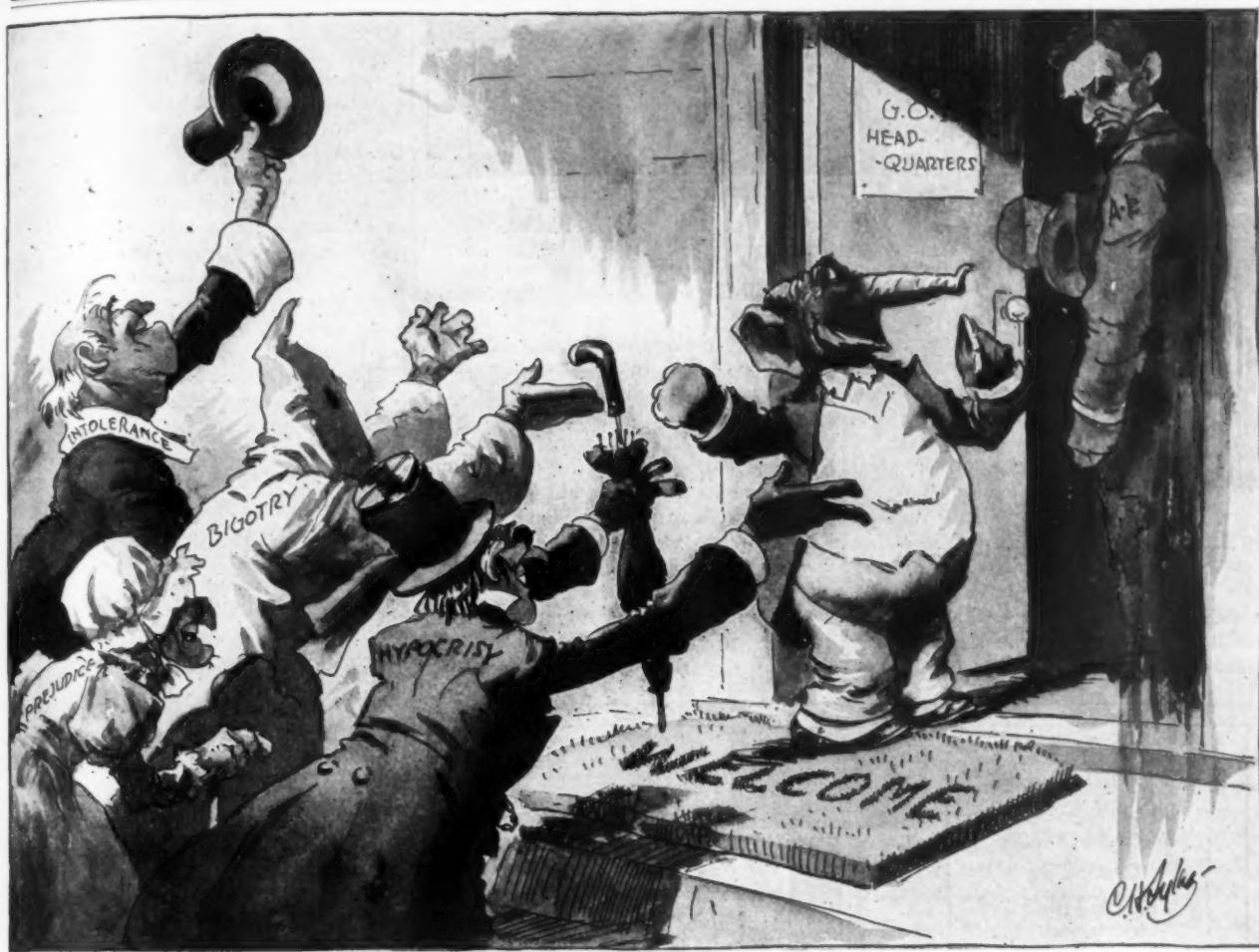
reminiscent of those soldier-statesmen who dragged up third-century Rome from the abyss of barbarism into which repeated revolutions were pushing it down. (Most of them were murdered, by the way, and to the disadvantage, as a rule, of the murderers as well as of the state.) All Mexico is worse off for the murder of Obregon; and worst off of all are Obregon's enemies, who are all in one way or another suffering for it even though they had no hand in it. But a good many other prominent Mexicans have been murdered, under one polite pretext or another, in the past eighteen years, whose taking off was an advantage to the country; it got dangerous men out of the way without leaving dangerous factions more inflamed and dangerous for their death.

The killing of a couple of Croatian deputies in the Yugoslav parliament by a man who was trying to shoot the Croatian leader seems to have brought to ruin the ten-year endeavor to make Yugoslavia a unitary nation rather than a federation of three kindred peoples; which was precisely the cause that lay closest to the assassin's heart. But twenty-five years ago a group of patriotic conspirators assassinated King Alexander Obrenovitch, whose personal despotism with Austrian support had kept Serbia weak and backward; it was a crude remedy for a grave disease, and a costly remedy, for it put a stain on the reputation of the Serbian nation; but it cleared the way for the rise of Serbia and the building of the powerful Yugoslav kingdom of today. There seems some point in the old saying that the only blows that can safely be dealt to a man or a nation—or a party in a nation—are those that are too heavy to be avenged.



THE BRITISH Prime Minister has at length been driven to admit that Britain suffers from a "state of permanent unemployment." The Industrial Transfer Board estimates that at best 200,000 British workers will always be out of work; and that minimum is hardly ever likely to be approached in practice.

Naturally the Labor leaders who would like to turn the Conservative government out are indignant with what they call "an abject confession of hopelessness and failure." But the Laborite Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's remedies do not impress the outsider as offering very much hope. He would have the unemployed set to work



"Aw, meet the friends!"

on such matters as road building and drainage, which would have to be paid for out of taxes, with only slight prospect that they would ultimately pay for themselves; it might be better for the morale of the workers to receive pay for labor on public works rather than an unemployment dole, but it would be about the same in the long run to the national exchequer. Public works, as our own economists have long been saying and as our politicians are at last beginning to concede, are an excellent palliative for seasonal or temporary unemployment in a country whose immediate future is secure; but they offer no relief for a permanent emergency. England's malady goes too deep for that.

Twentieth century England must pay for nineteenth century England's prosperity. England was the first industrialized nation, and thanks to a long start and easily accessible supplies of coal and iron it was able to build up and sustain a larger population than it can support, now

that other nations are industrialized and able to compete with England on more favorable terms. There are several million more people in England than England can pay for; and even cancellation of that debt whose repayment annoys the English far more than it benefits us would not do very much to relieve this painful surplusage.

MR. BALDWIN, seeing that, has fallen back on the old remedy of emigration; the Government will lend unemployed workmen, on easy terms, the money to buy passage to some other part of the Empire "where a job is assured." But here come in two factors which no movement for the encouragement of emigration has been able to overcome—the reluctance of the Dominions to accept the poorest (which will usually mean the least efficient) fraction of the mother country's population, and the disinclination of the British workman to move to a new country and work hard

for a living when he can keep body and soul together at home on the unemployment dole. Mr. Baldwin has apparently given up hope of turning London and Birmingham slum dwellers into Canadian wheat farmers and Australian sheep ranchers; he urges the Dominions to become industrialized and to give British industrial workers a chance to use their "urban accomplishments" overseas.

Even if that program were put into practice, the population experts tell us that emigration alone does not relieve population pressure; when men move out, their neighbors breed more children to take their places. And the Church of England refuses to permit the slum dwellers to be taught how to limit their increase; they must go on spawning more candidates for the unemployment dole.

It looks as if England must wait for the operation of Nature's remedies, famine and pestilence.

Elmer Davis.



ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I've just worked myself up into another lather listening to a group of flops complain about the flipcracking dramatic critics that we have in this great big naughty town of ours. You know the argument, Willard. It hasn't been altered since you were last here stifling yawns. What the country needs most, argue these tablecloth mathematicians, is not a blue serge suit that peddles for twenty-five bucks but a pollyanna dramatic reviewer who doesn't get

gay in his reports, and who is constructive! Will Rogers hasn't been that comical in years.

You were in your short bloomers when one of the greatest of all the critics used to sit on the aisle down front in a Denver theater and audibly hurl disparaging remarks at the hams. That was Eugene Field, as constructive a drama defender as ever there was, but he was also readable, Willard. Give me the critic who Knows What He Likes and, when he doesn't like it, can make me titter reading his stuff. At that, the Brouns, Benchleys, Nathans and Hammonds, with all of their vitriol, didn't stop "Abie's Irish Rose." It took the good old moom pitcher

industry to get that turkey's number. After a brief session on the New York screen, it was as dead as the Charleston.

What I started out to say, old pal, was that whether the boys are wisecrackers or not, the Dear People can't be enticed to a sour show. The records prove that out of every two hundred attractions produced in Manhattan each season, no less than one hundred and fifty automatically fold up, like so many accordions. Simply because they are poor plays, of course. The good ones survive even when the critics tumble in their judgment; and when one of the oracles makes a bum guess his mail is crowded with teehees forwarded by Types Who Would! I still care in a Big Way for the comeback registered by William Winter, who was cornered by an actor. "I don't give a damn what critics say about me," the actor lied; "all I ask is this. Before you tell me how to do it, show me how it should be done!"

"My good fellow," retorted the reviewer, "I am not a hen and I cannot lay an egg—but I certainly know a bad one when I open it!"

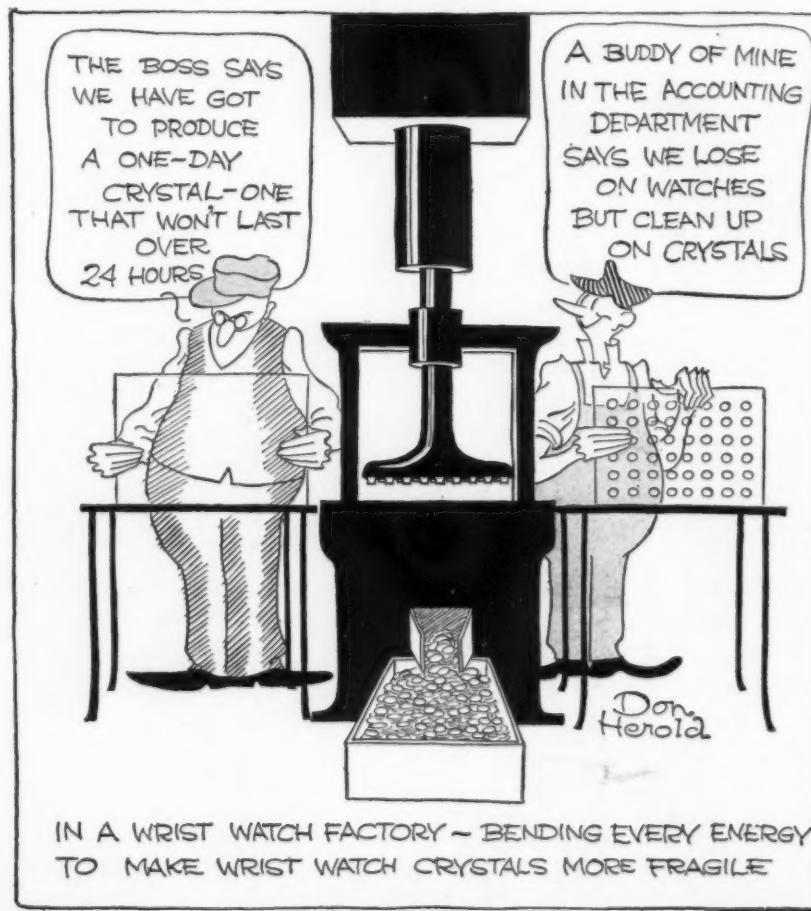
Among other things I've been panting to tell you is that Mayor Jimmy Walker (before he held office) was in a restaurant where he saw a man twice his size strike a woman. Walker went to her rescue and got knocked cold for his trouble.... Which reminds me of Dorothy Parker's swell two-line poem in her book, "Sunset Gun." It goes: "Men never make passes At girls who wear glasses"—or maybe you read that when it was first published in LIFE.... The next time you hit the sheet music counters ask for "Think of Me Thinking of You," which is plenty nice, and Brunswick record 3938 of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" still is my favorite.... The time-worn phrase, "That's my story and I'll stick to it!" has been ditched by the Broadwayminded for: "That's my story—and I'm stuck with it!" and the newest toast heard at an apartment party was this one hiccupped by a philip phraile: "Here's to Hell! May the stay there be as nice as the way there."

Walter Winchell.

NO CONTEST

"Did you hear about the police stopping the championship fight last night?"
"No. What for?"

"One of the boxers hit the other one."



IN A WRIST WATCH FACTORY — BENDING EVERY ENERGY TO MAKE WRIST WATCH CRYSTALS MORE FRAGILE

BEHIND THE SCENES OF A GREAT INDUSTRY



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER: Look—here's my new husband.

HER PARENTS: WHAT?

T. F. D.: I know—but you ought to have seen the big one that got away.

The Beginning of a Great Sport

EVE: Eeeeeek! A snake! Adam, help!

ADAM: Where is it, dear? Ooh! I nearly stepped on it! Bring me a club, quick!

EVE: Will this stick do?

ADAM: No, give me one a little heavier on the end.... That'll do.

EVE: You missed it!

ADAM: Hand me another stick—a heavier one.

EVE: You hit it, but—

ADAM: Where did he go? Let's see, how many times did I strike at it?

EVE: Oh, there it is in that long grass.

ADAM: This is going to be a tough shot—hand me another club, dear. Now watch this one!

EVE: That got it! Now thank goodness, that's over. Let's go.

ADAM: Go? Pick up those sticks and let's go hunt another snake. How many strokes did that one take? Six or eight?

Paul S. Powers.

Possibilities of Life on the Earth

"It says here," said Mrs. Martian, fluttering the evening paper, "that there may very possibly be life on the Earth. Think of that!"

"Don't believe all that nonsense," scoffed her husband. "If there were any life there, we'd have known it long ago."

"Scientists are thinking of building a

huge signboard on the Helicolu Desert, to signal from," went on Mrs. Martian. "Wouldn't that be exciting! Suppose they got into communication with the Earth!"

"They never will," declared Mr. Martian. "There's no one there."

"Then how do you account for those big canals we see through the telescope?"

"Merely natural phenomena. How could anyone be alive on the Earth? The atmosphere would be too dense. They couldn't breathe."

"They might be different from us."

"Impossible," said Mr. Martian.

"Sometimes we hear queer sounds over the radio," persisted his wife. "Don't you remember last summer?"

"Static," grunted Mr. Martian.

"Well, if you want to be obstinate, all right," sighed his wife. "But I hope some day we'll be able to fly there and see for ourselves."

"What's the use?" growled her husband. "We have plenty of troubles without that.... What does the paper say about Jones's chances?"

"He'll never be elected," replied Mrs. Martian. "He's a Protestant."

Norman R. Jaffray.

WHAT'S THE USE?

"So you and your wife are not going to Africa to hunt elephants?"

"No, she failed in her screen test."

THE POLITICAL FRONT



The Women's Vote

IN THE few years that have passed since universal adult suffrage was adopted into our Constitution, several abortive attempts have been made to "organize" the women voters of the country, but a satisfactory formula of procedure is yet to

be discovered. The women have remained Republican or Democratic, in most cases simply following the political preferences of the male members of the family. This year, unless I misjudge the situation, a tremendous effort will be made to line up the women voters for Herbert Hoover. I doubt that the suffrage of American citizens can be delivered *en bloc* to any party or any candidate, but if such a thing be possible, fair-haired Herbert is



"Like I says to the missus, Tim, there ain't no future in this scrubwoman business."



"We found the cutest speakeasy last night, all done in mauve."

the man to do the job. Herbert himself will, of course, be kept beyond knowledge of any such maneuver, for the arguments that will be used are not such that any self-respecting candidate can afford to know about them.

Between Mrs. Clem Shaver and Mr. Frederick H. Gillett, Senator from Massachusetts, whose goatee has been wagging in a half-completed insinuation against Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, anybody can see what kind of campaign will be conducted to antagonize women voters from Gov. Smith and to entice them into the cold embrace of Mr. Hoover. The women, especially in country districts, will be urged to defend their homes against a return of the saloon, to elect a gentleman of "graceful outward manner," and to stand up for Protestantism.

On the Democratic side, Gov. Smith has to suffer the ill-advised assaults which Senator Reed of Missouri delights in launching at Mr. Hoover—assaults which are nothing if not personal. Thus far, however, Mr. Reed has not descended to distortions of Mr. Hoover's private life. The cheapest and most unjust criticisms of Mr. Hoover came from Republican sources at Kansas City just prior to the Convention—notably from Watson of Indiana and Goff of West Virginia—just as the least legitimate opposition to Gov. Smith to date has originated among Democrats.

I pity those poor Ambassadors and Ministers in Washington who have to digest and then interpret American politics for their home Governments, for not even the candidates themselves really know what it is all about. Out of the mouthing of patriotic dogmas and the vociferous expres-

sion of opinions oftener synthetic than real, through an expensive process of "organization" more than occasionally either unnecessary or futile, a President emerges, cast up on a wave of sentiment or of supposed self-interest by an indifferent and not very intelligent electorate. Yet this same President, as Mr. Coolidge has truly said, is the most powerful and most important functionary in the world.

It is no wonder that most Presidents, after they get in the White House and discover the real significance of their office, look back upon the manner of their election with some chagrin. It is at that point that Presidents begin, in a spirit of humility, to assert that Divine Providence is guiding the destinies of the United States.

Henry Suydam.

Suspicious Circumstances

If you can start on an auto tour with the certainty of knowing where you're going—

Or if you don't have to stop every five minutes to look at your gas and oil—

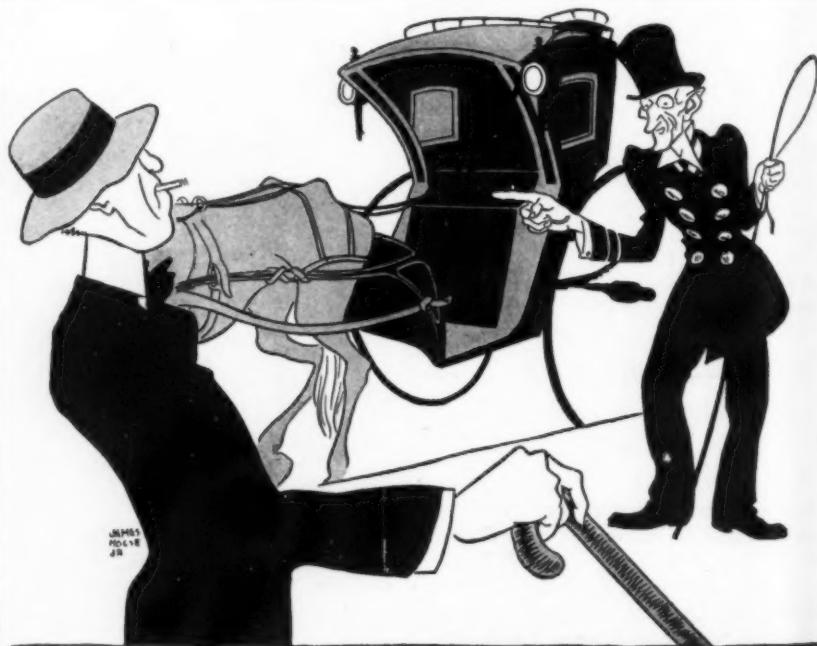
Or if you make every turn and detour correctly, according to the guide book—

Or if you are driving along at just the right speed for comfort and safety—

Or if you're certain that there isn't a squeak or a rattle in the old bus—

Look around, old top; she's either asleep or she's fallen out somewhere.

D. L. Cotie.



"Here y' are, sir, if y' want to be exclusive."



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

San Francisco

We hear Mr. Frank Bartholomew has been making the crack that he would give us a good cigar to put his name in this column. We want to nip that canard in the bud by saying we don't do business that way, and we wouldn't put Mr. Frank Bartholomew's name in even if Mr. Frank Bartholomew was to go out and bite a dog, which would be news.

Mr. George Ricou, the Flo Ziegfeld fellow of the Opéra Comique (Commeek) which is a show in Paris (France) has come all the way here to discuss about maybe putting on his performance here. Oo-la-la!

The Hale boys had a new Ford in the window of their genl. mchdse. store recently. It was put there, we suspect, to make people look in the window at things which the store sells.

Franck Havener, of the town trustees, who has been acting as mayor for several weeks, has gone back to work again, the real mayor having apparently forgotten something and come back to town.

Chet Johnson.

Boston

News is scarce this week on account of so many people being out of town.

A Bible was missing from one of the rooms of the United States Hotel the other morning after a guest checked out. The police and the Gideon Society have been notified.

Many local people have already bought their second straw hat this season, due to thunder showers, soft coal smoke, etc.

One of the ushers at the Metropolitan Theater (Publix service) is out with a strained back.

Several of our girls have been noted using lipsticks. Is Boston developing a "fast set"?

Local farmers are getting some relief by selling 5-cent buttermilk for acidophilus milk and getting 25 cents for it.

***Last week a couple of Greeks opened a combination ice cream parlor and fruit stand in the South End. Boston is rightfully called the Athens of America.

***Station WEEI has decided not to broadcast any more Scotch jokes. They will settle down to a straight Anglo-Persian and Eskimo policy.

***Several Harvard boys who were graduated last June have got jobs at the South Boston valve works. Their accents are changing.

***There is one company left in Boston that makes petticoats and they say business is lousy.

Neal O'Hara.

Saratoga Springs

THE SPORT OF KINGS seems to be the favorite outdoor pastime at the Queen of Spas these days.

***The opening racing day proved an auspicious occasion for some and not so auspicious for others, if all we hear is true.

***Jock Whitney has swell living quarters in the newly erected, magnificent garage on the Whitney Estate. We don't want to hint—but how about an old-fashioned housewarming, Jock?

***Richard (Dick) T. Wilson, President of the Saratoga Association, was all smiles on the initial day of racing. Good crowd, eh, Dick!

***Some of our August visitors complain that there is little or nothing to do and no place to go between the hours of six A. M. and eight A. M. A good Childs Restaurant is what the Spa needs, say we.

***The Schwartz lads (Charlie and Mort) and Herb Swope are running an electric lighted croquet court on their place, where these three old masters of the mallet take on all comers far into the night.

***The Canadian Ale Trunk Line which at one time ran two miles west of the city, we learn, is indefinitely closed for repairs.

Clarence H. Knapp.

Minneapolis

AMONG those present at the convention of Rotary International held here recently, Hank Mencken of Baltimore, Md., and Sinclair Lewis of Gopher Prairie, Minn., were conspicuous by their absence.

***John Brown of the North Side spent the week-end in Brule, Wis., meeting people and doing things.

***Miss Jeanne Eagels of New York, prominent and enthusiastic member of the Actors Equity Association, spent a few days in town during the July heat wave.

***A good friend writes in that while attending a Loop theater last week, a picture of Al Smith was flashed on the screen in the course of a newsreel. The inspired organist began playing "Comin' Thru the Rye." Hooray for Light Wines and Beer!

Michael Fleming.

Newport

CARROLL WINSLOW, who flies back and forth to New York where he is connected with the Electric Ferries, came down with a case of gallstones the other day which Doc Stewart removed at the hospital and Carroll will soon be strong enough to fly again.

Many are finding the heat insuperable and almost everybody's ambition is to loll round under the circumstances.

***Marion Eppley's new yacht, "Advance," is quite a resource for the fashionable and popular scientist, luring him from his laboratory at "Beacon Rock," his palatial villa, to participate in the many varieties of nautical experiments undertaken by ardent Corinthian skippers.

***Liz Woodward and Marian Gray took a joy ride with Grover Loening when the latter landed his plane on Bailey's Beach recently, causing a sensation among the smart social set. Grover and a boy friend picked the girls right up in their bathing suits, all later returning from Martha's Vineyard to dress.

***Rev. Stanley Hughes is preaching his usual sermons at Old Trinity Church

right along now, and that they are as popular as ever is evident from the well-filled pews and plate.

***Hermann Oelrichs did not start in his topsail schooner "Cressida" in the ocean race for King Alfonso's Cup as he had a previous engagement, and Art James did not go in the bark "Aloha," either, as his wife had recovered from appendicitis.

Lloyd Mayer.

Philadelphia

MAY apples are ripening in the glens.

***John C. Martin, the publisher, is wearing an imported European tan, which he brought over himself. Welcome home, J. C.

***The Japanese beetles arrived as exclusively forecast by ye scribe, and almost broke up a ball game at Shibe Park one afternoon recently, they being poison to our A.'s, and also the umpire. Cures for this pest should be addressed to this department.

***Samuel E. Cavin, 76-year-old lawyer of our town, is spending the month hiking through France and England. Better wear out than rust out, eh, Sam!

***Atwater Kent, our town's enterprising radio manufacturer, accompanied by his charming wife and his lovely daughters, has gone to Sonogee, his palatial home at Bar Harbor, Maine. Our fellow townsman now has two yachts, which if laid end to end, would burn a lot of oil.

***Ed Stotesbury, the town banker, plans to join Mrs. Stotesbury at Bar Harbor this month.

***Recent visitors to this big little city included Laurence Stallings and Octavus Roy Cohen. Both were warm in their praise of the community.

John Forbes.

Chicago

QUITE a few classmates of Amelia Earhart are writing letters to the papers these days.

***A right smart battle is being put up here by our local schoolma'ams for the right to get married, many of them feeling that they are now able to support husbands.

***The new Apparel Mart at the south end of the link bridge will be several feet higher than the Woolworth Tower in N'Yawk, so as to attract some of the hicks from that village. It will also have all the latest improvements, such as run-

ning water, lake view and up-to-date accommodations for flag-pole sitters.

***Gilbert Porter III spent a few minutes at home yesterday between fishing trips.

***Mrs. John R. Winterbotham, Jr., Miss Peggy Hambleton and Miss Emily Hamill, prominent Junior League players, are not skipping any meals these days, they having joined stock companies and now receiving regular weekly salary checks.

***Hot dog stands and the domestic relations court are doing a land-office business.

***Visit our World's Fair in 1935.—
Advt. *Asia Kagowan.*

Portland, Oregon

NORMAN HACKETT and Marion Lord, actors from Broadway, have been here lately helping out our local actors in the Heilig Theater.

***Ray Conway, prominent outdoor enthusiast, returned from a pleasant automobile tour and reports tourists from almost all states of the Union working on our detours, both hereabouts and in our sister state.

***The Willamette River has been successfully pumped out of the cellar of our fair city—but Sen. Moser thus far has been unable to achieve results on the Portland baseball team.

***Don and Ray Moe won the annual local brothers' golf tournament from Frank and Vincent Dolp this year, and now they've got to play a third year to decide.

Dean Collins.

Houston

MRS. CLARENCE MANFORD is spending the summer at San Marcos.

***Miss Gertrude Morgan Manford is spending the summer at San Marcos.

***Hugh Manford is spending the summer at San Marcos.

***Margaret Schirmer spent the weekend last week with her chum Gertrude Morgan Manford who is summering at San Marcos.

***Mrs. Edward Joseph Perry who is summering at Junction was the guest of Mrs. Clarence Manford while she was getting her tank filled at San Marcos. Mrs. Manford is spending the summer there.

***Gertrude Morgan Manford, who is spending the summer at San Marcos, will spend this week end in Houston with her chum Margaret Schirmer. She is pretty

well tanned as far as ye scribe can see, but she says that ain't a circumstance.

***Norma Sterling had her picture in the morning paper not many Sundays ago. It was a good likeness. We knew it was someone we had seen before the minute we looked at it.

***Ye scribe had an invite to take his dinners enduring of the summer at the Brazos hotel. Manager Hudson signed the invite and enclosed a schedule of prices.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Cleveland

Our citizens are all agog over the stand taken by Will Hopkins, our genial and efficient city manager, in reference to the price of gas, the company wishing to raise the rates for the same, and he opposing it. More power to you, "Bill!" is the sentiment of we consumers.

***Our "movie" theater has created considerable favorable comment during the heated spell by placing a sign in front stating that the temperature is twenty degrees cooler inside.

***The "flood lights" on the tower of the new depot have been turned on during several nights when the moon was dark and Mr. Haas of Nela Park claims that the sight is unexcelled in other cities and even in New York.

***"Flo" Allen, our lady Supreme Court judge, made a speech not long since, her theme being "Back to the Constitution." She gave it as her opinion that no individual, however powerful, has a right to put himself above the moral law. "Flo" is a smart girl and her town is proud of her.

***Rev. Lupton of the Unitarian Church is vacationing at Star Island near Boston, Massachusetts.

Ted Robinson.

Detroit

SEVERAL burglars and bombers who would be warmly welcomed by the police here are spending the summer quietly with friends at points unknown.

***Opie Titus, who dwells up Grand Traverse way among the cherry orchards and writes yarns about the "Great Forest," was in town Monday giving civilization the once over, he not entirely approving of it.

***Harry Heilmann, Tiger outfielder, will have to face a suit for \$60,000 when he comes home after the ball season. Slide, Harry, slide!

***Our two local boys, Kinnear and Hancock, gave Johnny Farrell and Gene Sar-

zen a neat trimming in a golf match the other day, and the former are not smiling any. Oh, no, not at all!

***Mr. Ford has done a very thoughtful thing in giving John Rockefeller a new car for his birthday. Now the latter, who is an elderly gentleman, and rather poorly, can get around again among the folks, he already having some gas, we are told.

***The parade of 100,000 Knights Templars was a sight which those who saw the same will never forget, many of them saying this was the most hospitable city they ever were in.

***Speaking of parades, when the Elks were here not so long ago, Charlie Schermerhorn said it took one marcher six hours to pass a given pint, but of course that was said in a spirit of fun.

■ Quite a number of families on the West Side had new telephones installed during the past week.

Elmer C. Adams.

New York

We have been approached by certain spelling reform and chain store interests to call this part of this weekly NABORHOOD NUZE, but we sent the emissaries about their business. The old-fashioned spelling is good enough for us, sometimes even a little too good.

***Frank Ward O'Malley is contemplating to spend another year abroad, probably in Switzerland. Frank is a dweller in Brielle, N. J. Who paves the Brielle roads? The Swiss? Who builds the Brielle schools? The Swiss? No. America for Americans is our platform, and O'Malley ought not to be allowed to land in this country again.

***The book department of this department has been reading Anne Parrish's "All Kneeling," and believes it to be the best of all her novels, and we know several ladies the heroine is like and wouldn't tell under \$100,000 apiece.

***We have been pretty hypocritical at times, but we never assumed an interest in summer resort swimming races.

■ Frank Crowninshield and Fred Kepel played a lot of deck tennis on the way home from Europe, Fred being pretty good at it.

***The tennis players are at Southampton this week, and Grant Rice motored over from his Easthampton castle to see them. "I'm a Tennessee boy myself," said Grantland, the laughter being general.

Franklin P. Adams.



THE CONTORTIONIST DROPS A BALL IN THE ROUGH

WHAT GREAT MEN HAVE REALLY GIVEN THE WORLD

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL....."Wrong number"; "Line's busy"; "They do not answer"; buzz-buzz-buzz; clop-click-clop-clack.

Thomas A. Edison.....They start it next door as soon as you get sound asleep.

Marconi....."There will now be a

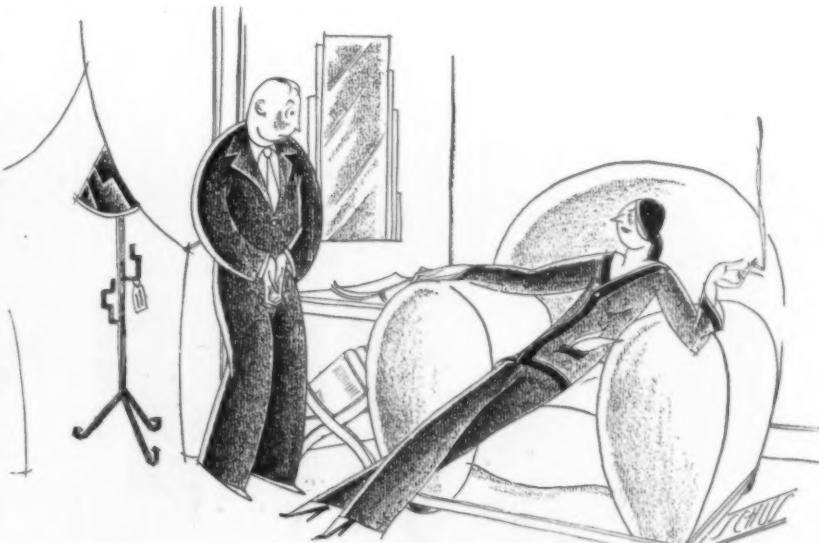
slight pause for station announcement."

Henry Ford....."Well, it seems there was this man who was trying to crank up his Lizzie, an'...."

Volstead....."Pssst!"

B. B.

SPEAKEASY PROPRIETOR (*to recalcitrant customer*): Now you pay me for that liquor or I'll call a cop!



"I've bought you the most beautiful bridge lamp, dear."
"Yes, and you know very well that I don't play bridge."

In Defense of Sock-Eye Salmon

At the risk of being burned in effigy by every veterans' organization in the country I stand up and say, unequivocally:

A can of salmon is entitled to admiration and respect.

Consider the domestic life of the salmon. When Ma Salmon learns that Dr. Stork is planning a visit, what does she do? She heads for Oregon, Washington or Alaska, no matter how far at sea she may be. Day and night she swims at top speed, until she comes to the mouth of a river.

It may be a furious, lashing, smashing stream. But Ma Salmon does not falter. Upstream she goes. If she comes to a waterfall she tries to reach the top. The long, weary battle may last for weeks, but she plods on until she reaches the calm headwaters of the torrent she has conquered. And then, proud and contented, she lays her eggs.

Dare any scornful Legionnaire cast aspersions on salmon?

Let him answer this question, then:

What other fish hath greater love for these here United States? What other fish endures suffering so silently in order that its children may be born American citizens?

Chet Johnson.

NUBBVILLE SPARK

Rod Long was re-elected sheriff next fall by the County Association o' Bootleggers at a special meetin' last night.

SHE: I announced my engagement to Albert yesterday.

SHE: Was he glad to hear it?



THE SILENT DRAMA

"Warming Up"

I HAVE protested on frequent occasions against those pictures which disclose the fact that a clown, who entertains thousands of people by means of his droll antics, is actually a very sad, pathetic fellow with a broken heart. In such dramas, the clown's sadness may easily be indicated by means of glycerine tears; his humor, however, isn't so easily managed. When he goes out into the circus ring and tries to be funny, he usually appears more dolorous than ever.

So it is with athletic pictures, in which the hero is an All-American fullback, or a champion boxer. It is all very well to describe him as such in the subtitles, but put him on a football field, or in a ring, and the illusion fades.

In "Slide, Kelly, Slide" (one of the best pictures of last year), William Haines appeared as the star pitcher of the Yankees, and everything went fine until Mr. Haines was called upon to step up before the camera and burn a fast one over the plate. I watched the ball closely, and I can vouch for the fact that there was nothing on it but some grease paint.

IN "Warming Up" we learn that the

Yankees have a new ace, impersonated by Richard Dix. He goes into the box in the last inning of the last game with the Pirates in the World Series; the bases are full, there are none out, and our hero's girl is in the grandstand. He strikes out three men in a row, using his famous curve ball, which breaks upward (in spite of which, all the batters swing over it), thereby winning the game, the series, a new contract and the girl.

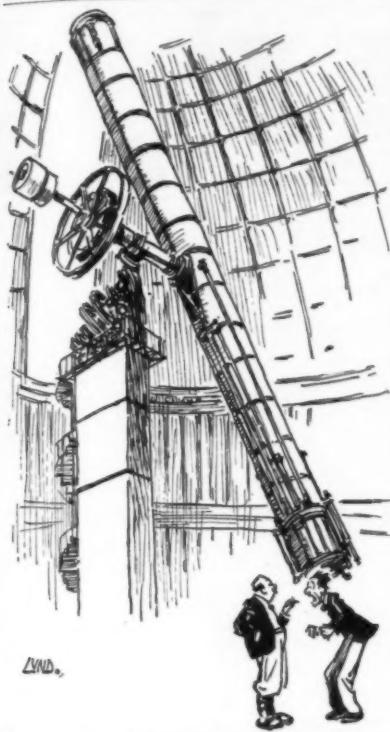
Now it may well have been that Mr. Dix really did strike those three men out—that the movie actors who were dressed up as Pirates were no better as batters than Mr. Dix was as a pitcher. But if those had been real Pirates—the Waner boys, for instance—Mr. Dix's offerings would have been sent to the bleachers, and Mr. Dix himself to the showers.

"WARMING UP" is a light but cheerful picture, with Mr. Dix as brisk and vigorous as ever, and with good work by Jean Arthur (she is the heroine who sits in the grandstand and signals to the hero to strike the Pirates out).

There is some sound accompaniment on the Movietone in "Warming Up," albeit no dialogue. All the sound is palpa-



"Porter, please tell the engineer not to go around any more corners until I get my clothes off."



VISITOR IN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY:
Hmmm! Pretty nice place you have here
Do you get much of a view?

bly phony, and is therefore a hindrance rather than a help.

Just at present there is only one big league ball team on which the hero of a baseball movie can play, viz., the New York Yankees.

This is understandable. When Waite Hoyt was asked, "What is the first piece of advice you would give to any young pitcher who hoped to make good in the major leagues?" he promptly replied: "I'd advise him to join the Yankees."

"Forbidden Hours"

THE MOST playful pair of lovers ever seen on any screen are revealed in "Forbidden Hours." Ramón Novarro is a gay young Balkan king, and Renée Adorée is a zesty French girl, and how those two can romp and frolic! The first reels of the picture form one long game of tag.

After this contest has been settled, and both Mr. Novarro and Miss Adorée have decided that the other is "It," "Forbidden Hours" gets a little better; but it never becomes quite good enough.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments, a guide to current moving pictures, will be found on page 24.)

The Patriot

"DADDY, were you in the World War?"
"No, my boy, your daddy was not in the World War."

"Daddy, weren't you ever a soldier or a sailor or a marine?"

"My boy, your daddy was not a soldier, not a sailor and not a marine."

"Daddy, were you in the Red Cross?"

"My boy, your daddy was not in the Red Cross."

"Daddy, didn't you ever do anything for your country?"

"Your daddy is proud to say that he gave ten of the best years of his life for his country, from 1918 to 1928."

"Daddy, Daddy, please tell me how you made this sacrifice."

"Your daddy doesn't like to boast, but as you are my son I shall tell. Your daddy wrote the three best authentic war diaries published in this country."

"Then, Daddy, you are a patriot."

"Yes, my boy. Now while Daddy writes about the Marne, you go play sojer."

H. F. Mueller.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER: Are you a good typist?

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYEE: (h 6es, Xir? Vesý good 8nd33d.

SOME folks think they are hard-boiled when they're only slightly stewed.



TABLE GAMES FOR THREE-YEAR-OLDS

Words to Be Said with a Mouthful of Corn Flakes:

"PUBLIC library."

"Please butter my muffin."

"Martha had the mumps."

"Studebaker."

"Barbara broke her umbrella."

"Aluminum."

"Toadstools are like mushrooms."



THE TABLOID PHOTOGRAPHER SPEAKS TO HIS WIFE ABOUT CROSSING HER KNEES



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—A tender little tragedy made into an impressive event by the acting of Helen Hayes.

Diamond Lil. Royale. Just an ordinary hokum melodrama of New York in the nineties, effectively and completely starred in by Mae West, who really takes it seriously.

Elmer Gantry. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed later.

The Intruder. *Billmore*—To be reviewed next week.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Reviewed in this issue.

Porgy. *Republic*—Negro life in a Southern city shown in one of the most effective productions of the last season.

The Silent House. *Shubert*—If you want to be frightened to death, this is the only theater in town which will cater to you.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—Women are flocking to see this five-hour drama of O'Neill's because it represents the apotheosis of Woman's supremacy, the complete subjugation of three men at once.

Trapped. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—A well-paced trial for murder which, although it takes place entirely in a court-room, never gets tiresome.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—Entertaining experience of an elderly bachelor who gathers his children all under one roof. C. Aubrey Smith as the unmarried father, June Walker as the pertest of the children and Geoffrey Kerr as the amiable agent.

The Kiss. *Totten*—To be reviewed later.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—A thoroughly delicious comedy of life among theatrical stars.

Skidding. *Bijou*—Very mild small-town piece.

Volpone. *Guild*—Pleasing to the eye as a production if not particularly exquisite as Renaissance farce.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—With its cast of expert colored singers and dancers it ought to stand very well in competition with whatever the new season has to offer.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Highly modern version of the Mark Twain story, with an excellent score. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth Street*—Completing a year of speedy singing and dancing which has set the pace for many others.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—A series of superlatively good imitations of Broadway stars, interspersed with mediocre revue features of a more conventional nature.

Present Arms! *Mansfield*—Charles King and Joyce Barbour in a nicely musicalized version of Marine Corps routine.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—One or two features of this Joe Cook show are worth making an effort to get seats.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—A very dressy West Point as the locale for Jack Donahue's never-failing comedy and Marilyn Miller's dancing.

Scandals of 1928. *Apollo*—Mr. White's current success and no reason why it shouldn't be. The cast includes Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Perhaps not quite so good as you may have been led to believe, but good enough to set a high-water mark for the past season. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Good, rousing romantic musical comedy with Dennis King as the fourth musketeer.

Vanities of 1928. *Earl Carroll*—With W. C. Fields, Ray and Gordon Dooley and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. To be reviewed later.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

Lights of New York. *Warner Bros.*—The first completely talking picture; it is terribly ham, but well worth seeing as a suggestion of what is to come.

Telling the World. *Metro-Goldwyn*—William Haines, as offensively fresh and yet as likeable as usual, in a fast farce with a newspaper background.

The Racket. *Paramount*—The best crook melodrama of them all, with Thomas Meighan registering an emphatic comeback.

The Lion and the Mouse. *Warner Bros.*—Some moderately interesting passages of spoken dialogue, and a lot of dull silent film. Lionel Barrymore's voice sounds fine.

The Drag Net. *Paramount*—A legitimate successor to "Underworld," with George Bancroft, William Powell and other good actors.

The Cossacks. *Metro-Goldwyn*—The costumes are effective, and John Gilbert tries hard—but this one isn't much.

Wheel of Chance. *First National*—Richard Barthelmess plays two roles, and does extraordinarily well in one of them.

The Street of Sin. *Paramount*—The mighty Emil Jannings in an over-sentimental but still dramatic story of regeneration.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *Metro-Goldwyn*—The title should tell you all you need to know.

Fazil. *Fox*—They're advertising this as "Hotter than Sahara," and in this weather, too.

The News Parade. *Fox*—Some nice young people in a rather feeble farce-melodrama.

The Magnificent Flirt. *Paramount*—The ornamental Florence Vidor, the suave Albert Conti—and nothing else.

Ramona. *United Artists*—"Ra-moan-ah...wha, wha, wha, wha, wha, wha, wha, whaaaaa...."

Ladies of the Mob. *Paramount*—This manages to be exciting, in spite of the fact that Clara Bow keeps her clothes on.

The Big Killing. *Paramount*—The comical doings of those droll fellows, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, in the feud district.

Tempest. *United Artists*—Here, after all these years, is John Barrymore close to his best.

Street Angel. *Fox*—Saccharine romance in Naples, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell hopelessly misrepresented.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—Heart interest laid on thick and, it must be admitted, skilfully.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Genuinely thrilling at times, and extremely foolish at others.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—Every Civil War character, from Abraham Lincoln to *Simon Legree*, is in this.

The Man Who Laughs. *Universal*; *Wings*, *Paramount*; *The End of St. Petersburg*, *Hammerstein*, and *Sunrise*, *Fox*. These are all worthy of attention.

Forbidden Hours. *Metro-Goldwyn*, and *Warming Up*, *Paramount*.—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Adventures of an African Slave. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Albert & Charles Boni*—This volume of sordid and exciting doings is chiefly remarkable for the rich and vigorous illustrations of Miguel Covarrubias.

The Balloon Buster. By Norman S. Hall. *Double-day, Doran*—The life and death of Frank Luke, who came out of the West to shoot down German balloons, are graphically depicted by the ex-aviator.

The Complete Works of Francois Villon. Translated by J. U. Nicolson. *Covici, Friede*—De luxe edition of that bawdy bard's verse.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—Supersedes the *American Mercury* as the best badge for lady intellectuals. A silly title for some excellent Shavian sayings.

Fiction

Show Girl. By J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—In this fast, wise-cracking book of Broadway, telegrams, letters, newspaper clippings and tabloid captions tell a story of the Main Stem in the language of Winchell and *Variety*.

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The final branch on that family tree of the *Forsters*.

Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love. By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—A delectable farce in which a young Frenchman studies the effect of external and internal temperatures in Norway. Compulsory reading.

The Man in the Shadows. By Carroll John Daly. *Clode*—A merely average mystery tale which secretly delighted us because it had no young Englishmen, secret passages or supernatural effects, and because the villain was just the character we'd hoped would turn out to be a villain.

The Island of Captain Sparrow. By S. Fowler Wright. *Cosmopolitan*—The artificial excitement would indicate that ol' Massa Wright has been reading those boys' books again.

War Among Ladies. By Eleanor Scott. *Little, Brown*—Some adult writing about the teachers in an English girls' school that is as effective a disclosure of as wretched a condition as any we've seen.

Trader Horn: Volume Two—"Harold the Webbed, or The Young Vikings." By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. *Simon & Schuster*—As fact, it's doubtful; as fiction, it's dull; as literature, it isn't. Don't bother.

And Also

The Battle of the Horizons. By Sylvia Thompson. *The Window.* By Alice Grant Rosman. . . . Pilgrims of the Impossible. By Comingsby Dawson. . . . Quiet Cities. By Joseph Hergesheimer. . . . *Houdini: His Life Story*. By Harold Kellock. . . . *Sunset Gun*. By Dorothy Parker. . . . *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*. By Anita Loos. . . . *The Virgin Queen*. By Harford Powel, Jr. . . . *Bad Girl*. By Viña Delmar.

Perry Githens.



Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of All Home Movie Cameras

Next to the lens mount of the Ciné-Kodak, there is a semi-automatic diaphragm scale, a permanent part of the camera, which tells you just what to do under each light condition.



Do you look back on the old days with regret, wishing that you were a boy once more? How wonderful it would be if you could live them over again in movies.

SUPPOSE you had movies of your younger DAYS



Billie Burke yields to the fascination of home movies with a Ciné-Kodak.

bers . . . and vice versa. How you enjoy it, yet what a shame that so many of those thrilling experiences of boyhood have faded out of both your minds.

But suppose your friend had said this: "Come and see me this evening and I'll show you some movies of our good times together." Would you accept? Why, you'd let nothing stop you. And there on your friend's own silver screen, you'd see yourself as you were twenty years before. The scenes of your boyhood would be there before you and many a long forgotten face would smile straight at you across the years.

What a wonderful film to show your children! What a miracle to be able to show them you . . . doing the same kind of thing that

they are doing today . . . to turn back the pages of time for an entire generation.

It is too late now to take pictures of your childhood days but don't let your youngsters grow up without some pictures of theirs. Not only will they treasure them later on, but you yourself will get unending pleasure from their childhood pictures years after, when they have grown up.



Thousands of Ciné-Kodak users are now taking movies of their boys and girls with that very idea in mind. Difficult to do? Not a bit of it; home movies are now as easy to take as snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. The result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest home movie camera.

As for Ciné-Kodak film, it is extremely inexpensive, because the cost of developing is included in the price you pay for it.

Projection is just as easy as photography. Eastman scientists have simplified that, too. It takes no more skill to operate a Kodascope than to run a phonograph, and the pictures on the screen are so distinct and lifelike that you marvel at having taken them yourself.

You will find a demonstration of home movies extremely fascinating. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him to tell you about the Ciné-Kodak. Or send to us for interesting booklet.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 109, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name

Address 28

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



FOND MOTHER (just returned from afternoon bridge party): *I hope you children have been good.*
YOUNG HOPEFUL: *Yes, Mummy. We let the bath run over, and we're playing Niagara on the stairs.*

—BULLETIN (SYDNEY).

ANOTHER POLITICAL FORECAST

THE PROFESSIONAL politicians, knowing their electorate, have paid careful attention to every movement except the LIFE-Will Rogers Anti-Bunk Party. If the American public ever swears off bunk it will be because some super-bunco-man has found something more effective.

—New York Herald Tribune.



In the Near Future

"Aha, Madam! So you've been flying the Atlantic again instead of getting dinner ready!"

—LE PETIT BLEU (PARIS).

IT'S ALL IN THE APPROACH

A. CHAIMOVITZ was looking at the Help Wanted ads., when he came across this:

"Man—Distinguished looking, well dressed. Must speak English fluently and flawlessly. See Mr. Blank. At —."

Chaimovitz went to see Mr. Blank.

"Mr. Blenk," he began, "I'm de man vot you looking for!"—New York Evening World.

WHAT NEXT?

WHEN the report reached "Bugs" Baer that a man went over Niagara Falls in a rubber ball, the clown observed that it wouldn't surprise him to hear that a Singer midget tried it in a lily cup.

—New York Graphic.

THE BIRTH OF A MUSICAL COMEDY

WALTER CATLETT, seen on the street carrying a copy of LIFE, dated April, 1924, explained that he was just about to report for rehearsals with his new show.—Variety.

AT THE GREYHOUND RACES

WIFE: So your dog lost the race.

HUSBAND: Yes, but he won the fight afterwards.—Punch.

"Take — regularly. You will feel stranger every day."—Adv. in a Weekly Paper.

We don't quite like the sound of that.

—Humorist (London).

CASTLES ON THE AIR

MISS IRENE FRANKLIN, our favorite entertainer, who has recently returned to New York from an extended European tour, during which she practically covered the whole Continent, sends us this word of cheer:

"A few weeks ago we were prowling through beautiful old Warwick Castle in England. As we stood speechless and a bit reverent in the glorious old hall, its fine ceiling seemed lost in the shadows above. All was silent; only the gentle Avon rippling below the long windows could be heard. Then the siren voice of the ever-present lady from Dubuque, cutting the hush like a fire ax: 'Now, Pa,' she screamed, 'wouldn't our loud speaker sound swell in here?'"

—D. A. C. News.



ACHILLES' HEEL OF A REPORTER

WE were talking the other day to a member of the editorial staff of the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph. In the course of conversation it came to light that he had been the reporter who interviewed Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Lindbergh being who he is, our curiosity was immediately aroused.

"What," we inquired with interest, "sort of a fellow is he? How did you get along with him?"

"Fine!" replied our friend. "He's a swell guy and I liked him a lot. Why, do you know, while I was talking to him he called me 'Sir' three or four times!"—Goblin (Toronto).

A NEW YORK marathon dancer was forced to quit because of a brain affection. No doubt that also made him start.—Detroit News.



HE: If you do not accept me, I will throw myself on the nearest land!

—DUBLIN OPINION.

INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE

A CHICAGO scientist has perfected a device that will measure one twenty-five-billionth of an inch. It should be a dandy thing with which to keep track of the annual progress of farm relief.

—Louisville Times.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

"Abyssinia has but one automobile for every 91,743 people."—Report of the Department of Commerce.

THE MEN OF ABBYSSINIA
Are leisurely indeed;
They see no crime in taking time,
They have no use for speed.
When business calls them elsewhere,
They travel on the back
Of that patient beast of the far-off East,
The Abyssinian yak.

The girls of ABBYSSINIA
Are handsome, in their way,
But never strive to own and drive
A snappy sports coupé.
Just one in 90,000
Considers it a joy
To burn up gas to prove her class
To an Abyssinian boy.

The folk of ABBYSSINIA
Are backward folk and slow;
They do not chase all over the place,
For they have no place to go.
And this is where they differ
From us of the U. S. A.,
Who must take our fun on the red-hot run,
Since we have no place to stay!
—S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.



Retribution

"Confound you, sir! What do you mean by allowing me to elope with your daughter?"

—SKETCH BOOK AND PRINTERS' PIE.

THE NEW president of the Hotel Greeters of Chicago says: "The rest of the world is just a bit afraid of Chicago." He puts it mildly.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

MONARCH OF ALL

PROBABLY not since the proud days of Louis XIV has there been a more imperious gesture than that made by a traffic officer at Forty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue. Two suburban ladies in a sedan halted there when the lights turned red. When the signal changed to green they started up promptly. They were stopped by shrill toots of a whistle. The policeman, large and fierce, ran over and demanded to know why they had started their car before he had blown his whistle. The lady who was driving explained that she had been watching the lights and had seen them change. At this the cop thundered, "I am the lights!"—New Yorker.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

WRONG TURNING

SHE'S a beauty if there ever was one. This fact incident she tells herself. Walking down Broadway she was followed. A persistent tracker, that no amount of dodging could lose. He finally got in ear range and whispered, "Hello, cutie." Lady as she is, she turned on him with: "Go to hell!" "I'm doing my best, Miss," he replied, hopelessly.—New York Evening Journal.

ALL jack and no work always makes play.
—Louisville Times.

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Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

PERSONS YOU'RE SIMPLY MAD ABOUT



The Man Who Never Crushes Out His Cigarette

Don't you love those merry jokers,
Who at bridges, teas or pokers,
Consider it the creamiest of feasts
To lay down smoke barrages,
Like the reek of ten garages,
To the slow asphyxiation of your guests?

TO foil the diabolical pleasantries of this familiar pest the NEVASMOK was devised. NEVASMOK is a small but capacious ash receiver which induces the most stubborn cigarette stub to die like a gentleman—without calling undue attention to itself.

In addition to efficiently smothering cigarette ends NEVASMOK has other excellent qualities. Tip it over and it bobs up serenely without spilling a flake of ash. To empty, just open and dump. Oh, quite the latest and smartest thing. Lastingly enameled in a variety of colors—Moscow Red, Prohibition Blue, Creme de Menthe Green, etc.

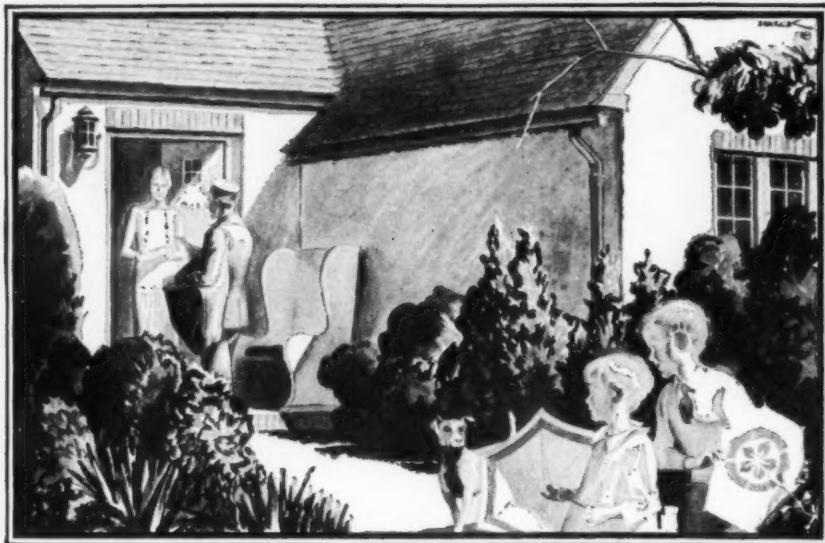
YANKEE METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 507 W. 50th St., New York
Specialists in artistic smoke accessories

NEVASMOK
Smokeless and Odorless Ash Receiver

New York
Showroom:
Fifth Avenue
Building
200 Fifth Avenue
Room 1121

Chicago
Showroom:
American
Furniture Mart
666 LakeShore Drive
Space 618





Where the Bell System's profit goes

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

THERE is in effect but one profit paid by the Bell Telephone System. This profit is not large, for it is the policy of the Bell System to furnish a constantly improving telephone service at the least cost to the public.

The treasury of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company receives dividends from the stock of the operating companies. It receives a payment from the operating companies for research, engineering and staff work. It receives dividends from the Western Electric Company—makers of supplies for the Bell System—and income from long distance operations.



Only one profit is taken from this money in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's treasury. That is the regular dividend to its stockholders—now more than 420,000 in number—which it has never missed paying since its incorporation in 1885.

Money beyond regular dividend requirements and a surplus for financial stability is used to give more and better telephone service to the public. This is fundamental in the policy of the company.

The Bell System accepts its responsibility to provide a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

REVENGE IS SWEET

Two strong, handsome Slav girls who work as domestics in North Side homes were comparing notes.

"Missus is fine, but Mister is very cross," said one.

"He is?"

"Yeah. But I get even with him."

"What do you do?"

"Every time he scolds me I put starch in his handkerchiefs."—Youngstown Telegram.

A CLERGYMAN writing to a daily paper says that he can play the mouth-organ. It was a manly confession and we respect him for it.

—Punch.

DRIVE YOURSELF IN EUROPE

Rent a small car
... \$50.00 a week
up ... see twice
as much.
Motor Map \$1.

Write to us for
a free booklet

PARTOUT TOURING Inc.
AUTO SERVICE ABROAD
551 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

He Got It the First Time

SCENE: A Restaurant, Any Restaurant.

THE PATRON: Now, waiter, let's see.... yes, I'll have a slice of honeydew melon, and make sure that it is ripe and chilled, and after that some jellied consommé, not rubbery, you understand, and then I'll have two lamb chops (*the waiter scratches his head with the pencil*) grilled medium, some asparagus and some lima beans, with a butter sauce (*the waiter taps his pencil against his teeth—both*), and a hearts-of-lettuce salad with a Roquefort cheese dressing (*the waiter shuffles his right foot on the floor*), not a Russian dressing, but an ordinary French dressing with Roquefort cheese mixed in it, and for dessert, let's see now, what will I have for dessert.... (*the waiter stares into space*) ah, yes, the very thing, for dessert a bombe napolitaine, waiter, and a demi-tasse. (*The patron sighs as over a job well done*.)

THE WAITER (briskly): Yes, sir, yes, sir! (*Shoving his pad and pencil under the patron's nose*.) Now, sir, what is it you're going to have?

CURTAIN

Henry William Hanemann.

TWO RETIRED AD WRITERS CONVERSE

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"What say?"

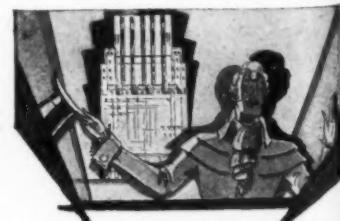
"I say, do you believe in dreams?"

"I don't catch you."

"I say, have you ever known what it is to sink into the downy depths of a Spring-O-Mattress and drift away into the land of fairies and elves?"

"Of course! Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

I. D. T.



New York's Newest Hotel

The Piccadilly

227 West 45th Street
At B'way—New York

Adjacent to Every Activity. 600 Bright Sunlit Rooms. Each with Bath, Electric Fan, Ice Water.

Single Room and Bath \$3.00
Double Room and Bath \$4.50

Exceptional Restaurant and Luncheonette

Wire at our Expense for Reservations

F. D. SOFIELD, Mng. Dir.

The
Ask Mr. Foster
Travel Service
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE GREAT PACIFIC NORTHWEST COUNTRY is rich in scenic beauty and its development during the past decade has been no less than marvelous. The great National Parks of vast extent and with unspoiled natural beauty have more of grandeur and scenic attraction than can be found in any other country in the world. Glacier and Rainier and Crater Lake Parks, the Oregon Caves and Spokane, capital of the Great Inland Empire are all joined together and with the Great Columbia River highway by some of the best roads in the country which continue right on into British Columbia to Vancouver. Cars are transported by big ferry boats to Victoria Island, in itself a park of wonderful beauty and interest, and Banff and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies are comfortably reached. There is Jasper Lake Park and Mount Edith Cavell on the Canadian National Railway, and on up to Alaska and the Yukon and to Mount McKinley, the second largest of all National Parks.

All this wonderful pleasure land of magnificent forests and lofty mountains and great glaciers and noble rivers is accessible by luxurious steamship and Pullman cars and over smooth motor ways, and there are progressive cities with golf courses and country clubs and modern hotels. Complete information here relative to travel anywhere in America.



Offices of The Ask Mr. Foster Service:

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TORONTO — The Robert Simpson Co., Ltd.
 BOSTON — The Copley-Plaza
 BOSTON — The Hotel Statler
 BRETON WOODS — Hotel Mount Washington (Summer)
 MANCHESTER, VT. — Equinox House (Summer)
 PORTLAND, ME. — The Eastland (Summer)
 BURLINGTON, VT. — Hotel Vermont (Winter)
 GREENFIELD, MASS. — The Weiden
 NEW YORK — Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue
 NEW YORK — Hotel Pennsylvania, Seventh Avenue
 BROOKLYN — Frederick Lesser & Co.
 NEWARK — L. Bamberg & Co.
 ALBANY — The DeWitt Clinton (Summer)
 PHILADELPHIA — Strawbridge & Clothier
 ATLANTIC CITY — Foster Building, Boardwalk and Michigan Avenue
 BUFFALO — Wm. Hengerer Co.
 PITTSBURGH — Joseph Horne Co.
 CLEVELAND — The Higbee Co.
 TOLEDO — The Lion Dry Goods Co.
 DETROIT — J. L. Hudson Co.
 GRAND RAPIDS — Herbolzheimer Co.
 CHICAGO — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
 CHICAGO — The Palmer House
 MINNEAPOLIS — L. S. Donaldson Co.
 ST. LOUIS — Scruggs-Vanderveert-Barney
 DENVER — The Denver Dry Goods Co.
 SALT LAKE CITY — Utah Hotel
 SAN FRANCISCO — Hotel Stewart
 SAN FRANCISCO — The White House
 SAN FRANCISCO — Palace Hotel



EXECUTIVE OFFICES:

130 WEST 42D STREET
 NEW YORK CITY



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK

BOSTON

Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS
 beg leave to announce that
 they will remove their
 Boston Store to their New
 Building, NEWBURY cor.

BERKELEY STREET

August 15, 1928



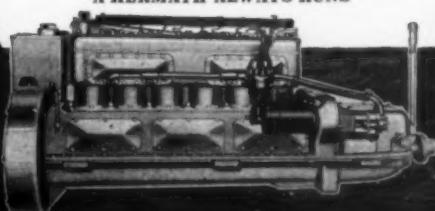
Quality

In every part of the world Kermath is an acknowledged quality motor. Everything considered Kermath costs less than any other motor, of a given size, on the market. Its super performance—greater power—super speed—unusual economy and long life give you your money's worth in the fullest sense of the word. If you are in the market for a marine motor it will pay you today—right now—to write for the latest interesting Kermath catalog.

3 to 150 H. P. \$135 to \$2300

KERMATH MANUFACTURING CO.
 5870 Commonwealth Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
 99 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

"A KERMATH ALWAYS RUNS"





Throw away that brush

Give your face a treat!

Apply
MOLLE

with palm of hand

No brush-no lather-no rubbing



Shave faster than you ever shaved before

Without danger of cutting skin



Dry face with towel—that's all

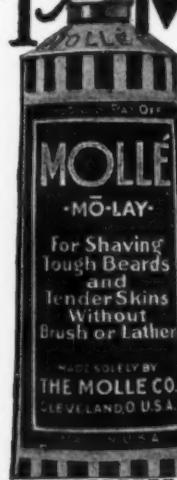
No steaming, lotions or powder

Makes Your face feel Like a Million Dollars



Take the word of a million men

Try **MOLLE**



for a week at our expense!

See why a million men have switched, permanently, to MOLLE. Find out what we mean when we say MOLLE lubricates the shave with a protective film of healing creams, so you can shave faster than ever before, but without danger of cutting the skin.

Above all, we want you to know how wonderful MOLLE makes your face feel AFTER shaving. That "million-dollar" feeling simply can't be described.

Every MOLLE Shave is, in reality, a facial treatment—as refreshing and stimulating as a head-barber's facial massage.

The MOLLE Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Mail Coupon Today—7 MOLLE SHAVES FREE!

THE MOLLE COMPANY

Dept. C-7, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send free and postage paid a week of MOLLE Shaves, to

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....

State.....

A Whale of a Tube,
50c—at your
Druggist

Ballade of Book Chatter
O writers of publishers' blurbs,
O critics who shower your praises,
Do your worst with your nouns and your verbs,

Go as far as you like with your phrases;
Say "it grips," "it compels," "it amazes,"

Call it "searching," "authentic," or "keen";

There is just one expression that crazes—
Lay off "the American scene."

Oh, scatter "sublimes," and "superbs,"
Say "it kindles," "it burns," and "it blazes,"

Say "a voice without fetters or curbs,"

"It arrests," "it reveals," or "it dazes";

Call it "epic in all of its phases,"

Call it "stark" or "convincing," or e'en

Tell how "subtle" the mood it conveys is....

Lay off "the American scene."

Pluck all the most succulent herbs
From the fields where your Pegasus grazes;

Not even "intriguing" disturbs,

Nor "poignant" my temperature raises,

While "vivid," or "colorful," glazes

My eye with no murderous spleen,

But unless you would start Marseilles,

Lay off "the American scene."

L'ENVOI

Prince Critic, ere slaughter's red hazes

Descend on your peaceful demesne,

Pray banish that term from our gazes—

Lay off "the American scene."

Kenneth Allan Robinson.

Sentimental Journeys

THE SENTIMENTAL (for the moment) millionaire returned to the home of his childhood. Confused by the many changes, he went to the Chamber of Commerce for information.

"Please direct me to the Shady Grove Road," he said. "I lived there once and I'll never forget how beautifully it wound through the trees to—"

"U. S. 19N, Minnesota 42 AA, macadam," came the quick response. "Not a curve on it. High speed road."

"Oh....And the one which climbed the steep hills near the river and then dropped to the old swimming-hole?"

"U. S. 8, Minnesota 6 B North, gravel. Not a grade on it. High gear road."

"Oh....And Lovers' Lane? I courted my—"

"U. S. 40, Minnesota, 33 H. Eighty feet wide, paved clear across the state. Trunk highway."

The millionaire gulped. Into his sentimental (for the moment) eyes came a stricken look. "Please put me on U. S. 12, Minnesota 32N," he begged. "That's the road back to New York, isn't it?"

Pipe Smoker Hunts Two Years For Right Tobacco

Finally discovers it within reach of everyone

The good old maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," evidently applies to tobacco as well as anything else.

Here's the story of a man who persevered until he found the kind of pipe tobacco he spent two years searching for:

Dallas, Texas,
March 22, 1927.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

The worst thing in the world to try to find is a good pipe tobacco that is well within the reach of everybody, and at the same time does not taste like it had just come out of the cabbage patch.

I have been smoking a pipe for two years and have just this month started to smoke a real smoke, Edgeworth. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Believe me, I tried for two years, but finally success is more than mine.

I have just been looking around, and have found to my delight that I can get Edgeworth practically anywhere. I even found it out at the lake near Dallas where I go fishing. Oh boy, what a combination—a perfect day, a can of good tobacco, and your pipe.

I always thought these ad letters were the bunk, but this time I know somebody is wrong and that is me.

Here's to old Edgeworth.

Edmund Condon.

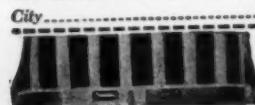
To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

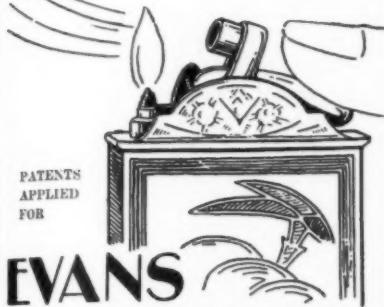
Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidores holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.3 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles.]





with
airplane
speed,



EVANS AUTOMATIC

A fascinating lighter—distinctively Evans in its refined concealment of mechanism.

There's a hidden spring, unique in design, that makes misfiring practically impossible; there's a hidden tube that protects the wheel and flint from moisture when filling; there's the wick itself—not of fuzzy cotton but of durable asbestos.

These are a few only of the striking improvements that make the EVANS Automatic the greatest advance in design, construction and performance ever embodied in a lighter.



Made in
hammered, hand
engine turned,
leather and
genuine Viennese
enamel.

Priced from
\$5.00
to
\$22.50
at your jeweler's.

Other Evans
Lighters from
\$2.50 to \$7.50

EVANS
NORTH ATTLEBORO MASSACHUSETTS U.S.A.
Stylists in Personal Accessories

A Nose for News

"Take a bit of absorbent cotton, moisten it slightly, add a drop or two of rouge, and paint your nose cautiously, adding a deeper shade if you think it's needed."

—*Beauty Hint in the New York Sun.*

DEPENDING, of course, on how big a laugh you want to get.

"Zyxt, a word of Welch derivation meaning 'Thou seest' is the latest addition to the English language."—*Yale Daily News.*

FOR USE, of course, in college hymns:
"Zyxt of learning, Insertnameof,
Thee it is we sing the fame of."

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

"HAY cutters, jacks, gas stoves, awnings, (window and stoop), store cases, garden swing (new), lawn table and 4 chairs, porch chairs, tool chests, chairs, round tables, benches, 1,000 other things. O. G. Palmer, Auctioneer Stage Street."—*Stamford Advocate.*

ANOTHER hard nut to crack!

"Miss Catherine Buckley, cook for President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House, was operated on at St. Vincent Hospital and later her condition was said to be favorable. She has been at the hospital for a week or two for treatment preliminary to the operation, and has received several massages and baskets of flowers from the President."—*Boston American.*

CAL evidently knows how to keep a cook.

"Mayor Bonner reported \$3,456.00 collected as fines and costs in his Court during the month of May.

"Building Commissioner Smith reported \$82.50 collected by him for permits from April 16th to May 21st.

"Both the Mayor and Commissioner have left for Canada for a short vacation."—*Bogata (Texas) News.*

HMM-M-M, we wonder??

"We, the attaches of this theater, earnestly request our patrons kindly to refrain from offering gratuities for services rendered.

"We regard this theater as a university, and place ourselves in a position of students seeking better understanding and appreciation of theater arts. Patrons are our guests and we place ourselves in the position of hosts.

"Being associated with Mr. Bernstein is a distinct privilege, and that we feel is sufficient remuneration."—*From program of the Mosque Theater (Richmond, Va.).*

THE blessed attaché leans out from the gold bar of Heaven.

A PLEA FOR FAIR PLAY

THE BASEBALL wizardry of John (Mugs) McGraw

Is but seldom referred to as McGavian, While the antics and the pranks of Harry K. Thaw

Are scarcely ever classified as Thavian. Why then should every trifle—when it's George Bernard Shaw—

Be so fulsomely advertised as Shavian?

C. Knapp.



Keep that morning SPARKLE

ISN'T it a grand, fine feeling to come from the shower, singing, to stow away a hearty breakfast, and light up for the first smoke? You feel sparkling all over. But—do you keep that morning sparkle? Just about noontime, do you find that smoking, at least, isn't quite as pleasurable?

There's a preventive for a waning smoke appetite—Squibb's Dental Cream. Squibb's puts the sparkle in your mouth and keeps it there. The minute, clinging particles of its Milk of Magnesia swallow up mouth acids at The Danger Line, and keep your mouth brisk and fit, your breath always pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the morning and evening, anyway. At any other time during the day when you can. 40c at any druggist's.

Copyright 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons





The
DUNLOP

• • •

*played by
more golfers
than any other
make of fine
golf ball*



\$ 1

THE

**IMPORTED BLACK
DUNLOP**

RHYMED REVIEWS

Bad Girl

By *Vista Delmar.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.

SHE was no princess proud and bright,
He was no fine, poetic dreamer;
They met and kissed one summer night
Upon a Hudson River steamer.

Youth, mirth and moonlight wove the
spell

That troubles everything organic,
And Dot the pretty typist fell
For Ed the radio mechanic.

Propinquity won't take a dare.

Her life at home was hard and arid;
If she was loving, he was square,
And off they went and promptly mar-
ried.

Now Dot, our winsome newly-wed,
Ill-taught and somewhat foolish, may-
be,
Assumed that noncommittal Ed
Deplored the costly coming baby.

While Ed, though feeling quite a lot,
Was dumb, or inexpressive, rather,
And could not say, "I love you, Dot,"
Or, "Sure, I want to be a father!"

Those dear young people, who can blame
Their doubts, their slips, their silent
rages!

But by and by the baby came
(He took above a hundred pages).

And all is right as right can be:

To end an honest, human story
A happy family of three
Goes taxi-cabbing home in glory.

For truth the book is over par;
So why refrain from duly handing
Another wreath to Miss Delmar
For sympathetic understanding?

Arthur Guiterman.

A STATEMENT OF THE CASE

I AM against Prohibition because it breeds a glamour to surround alcohol with a hazard for young habits and immature minds; because it is tanning and galvanizing young stomachs and countenancing young debauchery; because it has not destroyed the saloon but made it my offensive neighbor. It has destroyed the grace of an old gesture of friendship and taught a new hospitality in terms of gallons. It has made it practically impossible to avoid drinking. It has thumbed the nose at essential decency by permitting the prostitution of the law for the protection of an offense. It has failed to reduce, moderate or control heavy drinking, and has built a new social order of bootleggers. And it has thrown in the face of every parent a threat and challenge to his peace and happiness in the care of his children through adolescence.

—Donald F. Rose, in *Stuff and Nonsense*
(Brynn Athyn).

HAY FEVER

Relieved!

Surely — Quickly

AT HOME

No need to go away. No need for big bills. No medicaments —no nostrums. POLLENAIR, electrically operated air filter, installed in any room, gives immediate relief from Hay Fever and Pollen Asthma. Tested by School of Health in one of America's leading universities. Endorsed by Specialists, Hospitals, Sanatoria. Advertised in Hygeia and The Journal of the American Medical Association.

Write now for full information

Pollenair, INC.

Room 610, Hickox Building
Cleveland, Ohio



*for sunburn
—instantly soothes
and comforts
apply*

Absorbine Jr.

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W. E. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

LIFE'S CAMPS FOR NEEDY CHILDREN

(Continued from page 11)

imposed standard of civilization fall upon rich and poor alike.

Fifty at a time crowd under one of these showers. Fifty — screaming with sudden relief and joy. Some of them carry babies in their arms, and the noise becomes demoniac. But who cares!

The men of Engine Company 18, in Attorney Street, in the heart of the Jewish quarter, could tell you of boys and girls sobbing with gratitude under the reviving streams of water. Children that look as though they had stepped out of the Old Testament, with their beautiful faces, their black eyes, their patient mouths.

At Engine Company 15, in Henry Street, the gentle rain from the fire hose falls alike upon the wilted babies of Russians and Italians; and in the mad rush for the sprinkler that does its stuff in Ludlow Street, in front of Engine Company 17, little children of Polish and of Irish blood splash and sprawl on the soaked pavements. This is the story all the way down through the Lower East Side.

And only a short distance from the baking city in a fair green country lie LIFE'S CAMPS FOR NEEDY CHILDREN. Camps boasting real silvery brooks and swimming holes and pools; tender and scientific care; fresh, nourishing food and huge, breezy dormitories.

It would take a harder heart than any reader of LIFE possesses to refuse to send us something with which to carry on the great work of bringing these woeful little children and these splendid CAMPS together.

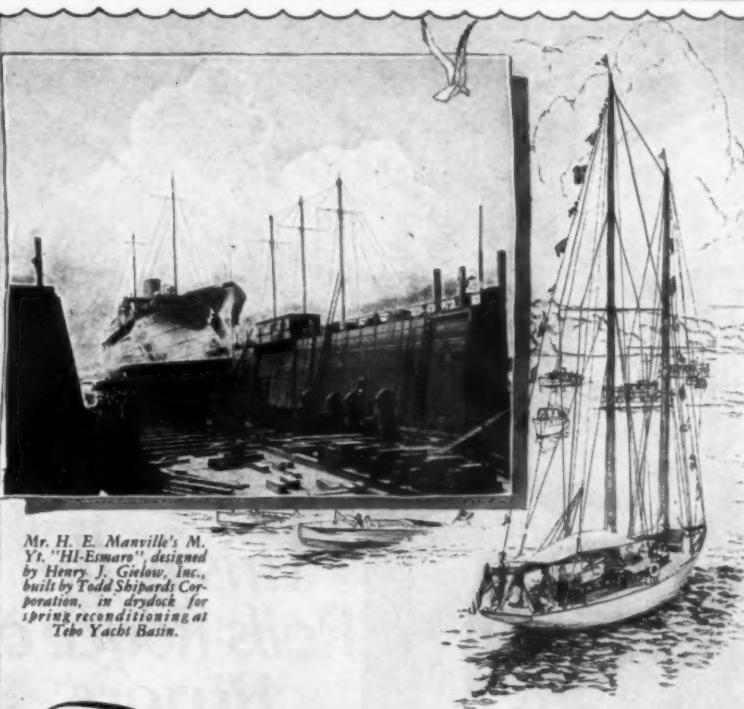
We want to keep as many boys and girls as possible for eighteen days at both of LIFE'S CAMPS. The Boys' Camp is at Pottersville, N. J., and the Girls' Camp is at Branchville, Conn. To keep one child at either place for eighteen miraculous, health-building days will take \$20.

Kindness and gifts continue to pour in. Only this morning one hundred records for the Camp victrolas reached us. Cartons of toothpaste have been received. Books and games. All sorts of things. But, you understand, the greatest need is money — money in any amount.

Only money will pay for railway fares. Only money will buy food and pay for cooks. Only money will maintain the staff of counselors and helpers, who have done such wonders for the children who have been with us that, among the leading Settlement Houses of New York, LIFE'S CAMPS are said to have established a new standard for all work of this nature.

Only money will take that hollow-eyed little girl who is holding up her heavy baby brother under the Fire Company's sprinkler in East Houston Street, and set her down in a sleeping tent under the

(Continued on page 35)



TEBO YACHT BASIN offers to yacht owners the facilities of an experienced broadly gauged Service for refitting, overhaul and reconditioning; a thoroughly equipped plant, with ample storage space for vessels afloat and for equipment ashore.

The advantage of a one point contact for all work in serving prominent yachtsmen for many years has brought to the Tebo yard a distinguished clientele unexcelled on the Atlantic seaboard.

Convenient owner supervision within 15 minutes of lower Manhattan.



TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING & REPAIR CORPORATION
Foot of 23rd Street, Brooklyn, New York

TEBO YACHT BASIN



The Schick blade—of different steel and honed superkeen—shaves without sensation. You do not know it is shaving unless you feel in its path with your fingers.

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In Use

WHY POETS DIE YOUNG

For weeks Alfred Tennyson Byron, Jr., had been practicing his speech of proposal. At last he figured he had worked out a good one. There was a full moon and all that sort of thing.

"I am mad about you," he breathed, "and in my breast burns the immortal flame of an undying love. I worship you with a tremendous, overpowering, all-encompassing adoration."

"Oh, goody!" said the girl.

—American Legion Monthly.

HE OUGHT TO BE A PROOFREADER

The most meticulous headline writer has been found. He wrote a line for the *Star* recently referring to "the late Queen Elizabeth of England." —*Kansas City Star*.

MORE ABOUT THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE SPOTANSKIS

HENRY HEINS was a business caller at Tony Spotanski's Wednesday morning.

Tony Spotanski and son Clarence were callers in Loup City Wednesday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tryba and son Eugene were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Tuesday evening.

Mr. Nick Kowalski and two sons Ed. and Ben and Frank Kowalski of St. Libory were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Wednesday.

Miss Florence Shipley was a caller at Mrs. Tony Spotanski's Wednesday afternoon.

Stephen Tryba and son Eugene were callers at Tony Spotanski's Friday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Spotanski and daughter Helen were callers in Loup City Saturday afternoon.

Tony Spotanski and sons were callers at Stephen Tryba's Friday afternoon.

Stanley and Martha Spotanski attended the dance at Joe Palu's Monday evening.

Bruno Lorchick was a business caller at Tony Spotanski's Monday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tryba and son were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Spotanski and son Melvin were visitors at Tony Spotanski's Saturday.

Mr. Tony Spotanski and family were visitors at Stephen Tryba's Sunday.

Lonnie Maciejewski and Frank F. Spotanski were callers at Tony Spotanski's Monday afternoon.—*Route Four News*.

Sherman County (Neb.) Times.

AMERICANS who go to Europe to study the manners and customs of the people object to both as soon as they land.

—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

My past was DARK

I USED to grope my way through cellars and attics—fumbling, stumbling and grumbling, barking shins and ripping clothes. But I turned over a new leaf and pledged myself to the flashlight habit. My Eveready has been a revelation to me in many a shady situation. On goes the switch and there's a bushel of light any time, anywhere you need it.

Let me give you this inside tip on flashlights: The secret of success is the battery—and the success of this secret is Eveready Batteries. They're made of light—jammed, crammed full of it, and they prove it in service. Always reload with genuine Evereadys.



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Educator Press, 19 Park Row, New York City.

Life's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 33)

trees in Branchville. Sympathy is a wonderful thing—but only money will get her there. Will you send us some for her?

And that scraggy little motherless boy down in Chrystie Street, who hardly knows how to ask for anything and yet who longs so achingly for one fleeting glimpse of green fields and waving trees—only money will send him out to Pottersville where he can run wild and free, where he can slide down the chute into a real brook, and where he will be made plump and happy. Only money will do this. Will you send us some for him?

Time presses. We need your help. Will you send us something today? All checks should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to us at 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. A. F.

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(Continued on page 36)

CREAKING VALLEY GOLF CLUB

July 9th

Dear Joe:-
How about that ten bucks
I won from you on that last
round Saturday? Sam.

CREAKING VALLEY GOLF CLUB

July 10

Dear Sam:

Enclosed are the ten iron men. But look out for me next Saturday, for I am going to play a Spalding ball. And you know the Spalding ball has won three times as many major championships — at home and abroad — in the last ten years as all other makes of balls combined.

Joe, the Spalding ball has won every important tournament played in this country so far this year — including the U. S. Open.

So watch my smoke next Saturday.

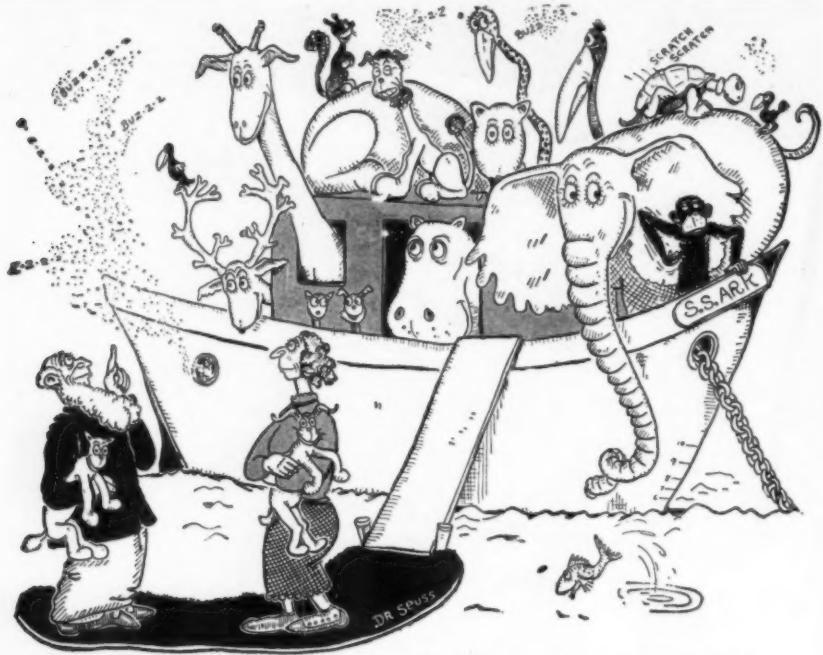
Joe

CREAKING VALLEY GOLF CLUB

July 16th

Dear Joe:-
How about the ten bucks I won
from you on that last round
Saturday? Sam

P.S.—I have been playing the Spalding
ball for nine years myself



FATHER NOAH: Look at those fleas! I thought we took only two on board.
MOTHER NOAH: We did—fleas are funny that way. But it won't be long now! I'm taking two cans of Flit.

—Advt.

SHE HADN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA

The story is being told of one of the country's leading statesmen whose name was put in nomination by a flowery speaker at one of the conventions. The statesman and his wife were listening in on the radio at home. The speaker had been eulogizing him for a half-hour, giving his life history, the story of his rise and a red-hot description of his candidate and his characteristics.

The statesman's wife, called from the room a moment, returned after the speaker had concluded his speech.

"Luther," she said (we will say that was his name), "who was that man that speaker was describing?"—*New York Sun*.

LESS HEARTACHE NOW

KIND-HEARTED reader, cheer with me.
The cruel rule relaxes
That once required publicity
For people's income taxes.
No longer need our neighbors wince
In envious dismay.
From reading, in the public prints,
How very much we pay.

—*New York Times*.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," said Stanley in Darkest Africa, but in the Arctic nowadays a rescue party can not be so sure what eminent lost explorer it has found.

—*Springfield Republican*.



A BIG MOMENT AT LIFE'S CAMP

The boy explorers of Pottersville, N. J., and the Commissary meet—not quite by accident—in a clearing in the woods. Great stuff for the children of New York's blistering streets. We beg you to help give such joyful days to other needy little chaps. Please see page 11.

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